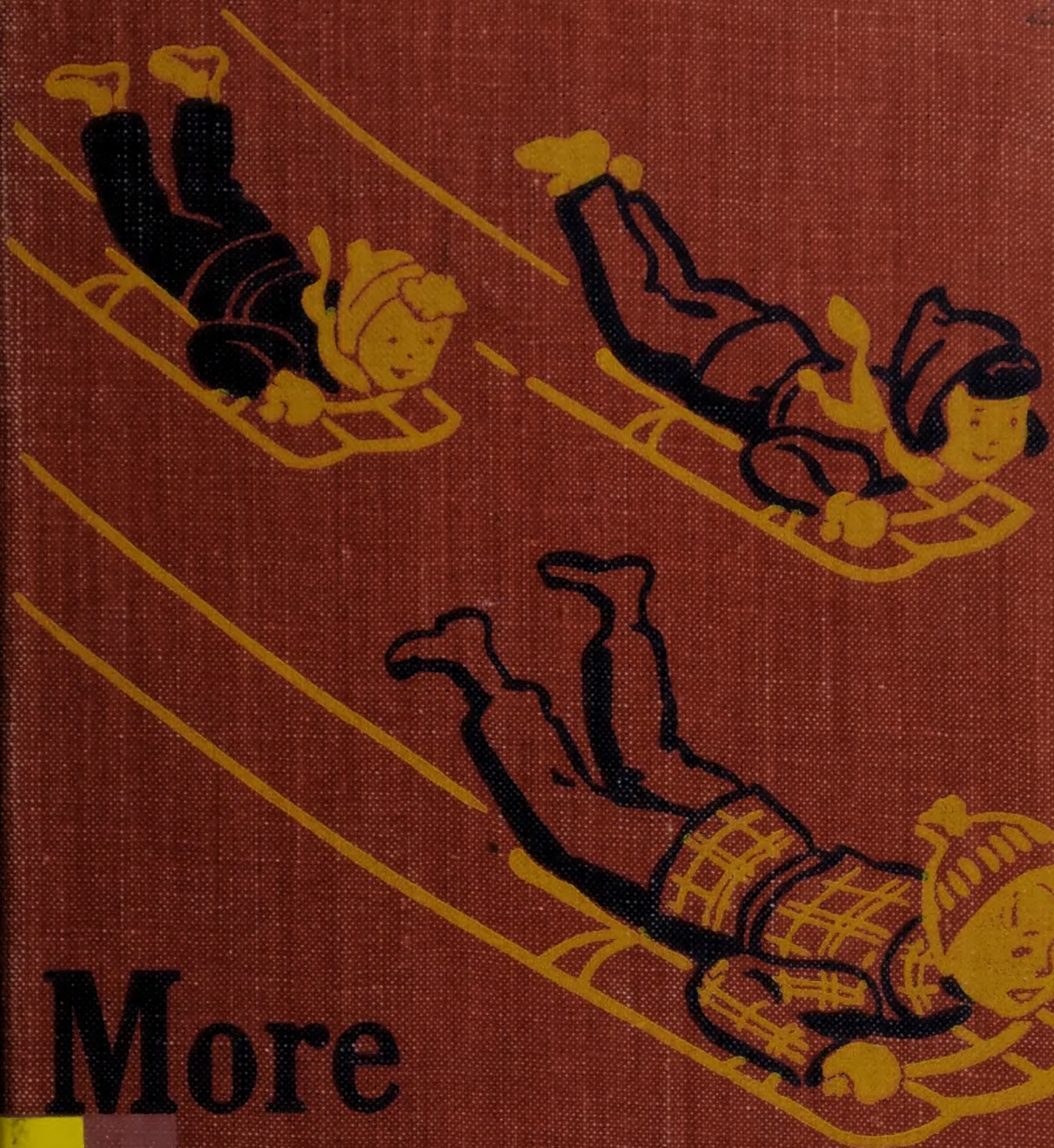

More Friends and Neighbours

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More Friends and Neighbours

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by WILLIAM S. GRAY

and MAY HILL ARBUTHNOT

Illustrated by Ellen B. Segner and Keith Ward

BASIC READERS : CURRICULUM FOUNDATION SERIES

A Revision of the Elson-Gray Basic Readers

W. J. Gage & Co., Limited

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Oak Hill Neighbours

Fun in the Snow

In the cold winter time Oak Hill was a good place to have fun.

It was a very fine hill to slide on after the snow came, and on Saturday some children came to slide.

Tom and Tim and Nancy were coming up one side of the hill with their sleds. They were coming from Oak Hill Farm.

Up, up, up they climbed, all the way to the old oak tree at the top.

Up the other side came some children from the city with their sleds.

Peter and Joe, Jack and Ellen, and many others were coming to slide.

They always said that Oak Hill was their hill, because it was near the city.

Tom and Tim and Nancy always said that it was their hill, because it was on their father's farm.

And all of them were right.

"Hello, hello," they all shouted as they met at the top.

"What a fine day to slide on our hill!"

One by one the children jumped on their sleds, and one by one they went sliding down the hill.

Then they all walked up again.

Again and again they went sliding down and walking up—a short, fast slide down, then a long, slow walk up.

By and by Tim stopped sliding and began to make a snow man.

"I'll help you," called Tom.

"I'll help, too," called Peter. "I'm tired of sliding."

The three boys made a funny snow man with a big, big smile.

"Let's make a hat for him," said Tom.

He was about to pick up more snow, when there in the deep snow he found an old round pan.

"Here is the old pan we lost when we ate dinner up here last fall," he said.

"See the holes. No one can use it."

"I can use it," said Tim. "I'll use it for a sled."

He took the pan out of Tom's hands and sat down in it.

Then swish! Tim went sliding down the hill in his funny round sled.

First the pan turned one way, and then it turned another way. Then all at once it turned over, and out went little Tim into some deep, soft snow.

"I'm next!" called the other children, as they ran to pull Tim out of the snow.

One after another they tried to slide in the old pan. One after another they had to be pulled out of the soft snow.

Sliding in the pan was more fun than sliding on the sleds.

At last Tom picked up the old pan and put it on the snow man's head.

"It makes a fine hat," he said.

"First it was a pan, next it was a sled, and now it is a hat for the snow man."

Then the city children said good-bye and started down the hill.

Tom and Tim and Nancy started down the other side of the hill to the farm.

They all turned to wave a last good-bye to the city children. They waved good-bye to the snow man, too.

Soon there were no children on the hill, but the old oak tree was there, and so was the snow man with his funny hat and his big, big smile.

Fun on the Ice

One morning all the snow was gone from Oak Hill Farm, but there was ice in the field near the old red barn, and the children could skate.

They had just ten minutes to skate. Then they would have to leave for school in the city.

"Let's skate fast," said Nancy.

Nancy and Tom skated round and round, turning this way and that on the ice.

Little Tim skated along behind them, trying to catch them.

Suddenly Tom saw his pet calf running across the ice.

"Spot wants her breakfast," said Tom. "Why did I forget to feed her?"

The children waved their arms at Spot and began to skate across the ice to her.

Before they could stop the calf, she tried to run across the ice to them.

Suddenly all four of Spot's feet began to slide out from under her.

Tom skated up to the calf, and so did Tim and Nancy. They put their arms around Spot and helped her stand up.

All at once Spot's feet went sliding out from under her again.

Down they all fell in a funny pile.

Arms and feet waved and wiggled.

The children laughed so much that they could not think what to do, but they knew they had to do something in a hurry.

They had to get Tom's calf off the ice before she fell again and hurt herself, and they had to get to school on time.

Suddenly Tom knew just what to do.

"Let's push Spot off the ice," he said.

The next thing Spot knew, she was sliding across the ice very fast.

Away she went, with all four feet sticking out in front of her.

"Moo—oo! Moo—oo, moo!" she said, as the children skated and pushed behind her.

Soon the calf was off the ice, and they took her to the barn to feed her.

"Oh!" said Nancy, "I'm glad Tom was quick to think of pushing Spot. She wasn't hurt, and we shall not be late for school."

"Well," said Tom with a slow smile, "after this it will be better if I am quick to think about Spot's breakfast."

As Good As New

As soon as Nancy got to school, she went right to the toy corner.

Today it was full of all kinds of toys. Each boy and girl had brought something for the other children to play with.

There were drums, trains, and boats.

There were dolls, books, and games, too.

This was the day to pick out a toy or a story book or a game to take home.

After two days it would be brought back to the corner, and next time the children would take other things.

Molly did not want a drum or a boat or a story book. Molly was going to take the doll with eyes that opened and shut.

It had a nice smile, and it could say "ma-ma, ma-ma."

It was the doll that Nancy had brought to their toy corner. Molly thought that she had never seen a doll so wonderful as this one.

"I'll take very good care of your doll," Molly said to Nancy, as she put her arms around it. "I will never hurt it."

For two days Molly had fun playing with the pretty doll. She liked to see its eyes open and shut, and she liked to make it say "ma-ma."

The third morning Molly left for school with the doll in her arms.

She didn't walk very fast, because she wanted to keep the doll just as long as she could.

Suddenly Molly heard the first bell at school. She heard it as she turned the corner near the fire station.

She did not want to be late, and so she began to run.

Molly did not see where she was going, because she had the doll in her arms.

Because she did not see where she was going, she fell down. She fell right in front of the fire station, right into a big pile of cold, wet snow.

Molly didn't care if she was wet.

All she cared about was the doll.

It was not wet, but as soon as Molly looked at it, she saw that something was the matter.

The doll's pretty blue eyes were gone.

In its head were two round holes.

Molly picked up the doll, and then she began to cry.

Suddenly Molly heard someone saying, "What is the matter, little girl?"

There was a nice, kind fireman, standing in the door of the station.

"Look!" said Molly. "The doll's eyes are gone. Now they can't open or shut.

Oh, dear! I tried to take good care of Nancy's pretty doll. I didn't think I would ever let it get hurt."

"Don't cry," said the fireman.

"I will fix that doll. I can fix it so that it will be just as good as new."

Then he took the doll and Molly, too, into the fire station.

The fireman took off the doll's hair, and there were the eyes inside its head.

In five minutes he had put the eyes back into their places.

Then he put the hair on again, and the doll was just as pretty as ever.

When Molly got to school, she told Nancy about the doll's eyes and how the fireman had fixed them.

"Ma-ma, ma-ma," said the pretty doll, as its eyes opened and shut. Then Nancy saw that it was just as good as new.

After that the children took many toys to the fire station, and the kind fireman always made them just as good as new.

The Surprise Valentines

Snow was blowing in at the window when Betty woke up on Valentine Day.

"Oh, oh! My valentines!" she cried.

"What is the matter?" asked Mother, as she came in to shut the window.

"See my valentines," answered Betty. "The wind blew snow inside and made them wet. They are so wet they will never be pretty again.

I shall not have any valentines for my friends at school. What can I do?"

"Well," said Mother, "if you hurry, you can make some more after breakfast."

"But I used all my paper," said Betty.

Her mother thought for a minute.

Then she said, "Some kinds of valentines are not made of paper. I will show you how to make valentines with milk and eggs and other good things."

Then Betty guessed at once what kind of valentines Mother was talking about.

After breakfast she helped her mother get things ready. She worked until she had to hurry away to school.

When Betty got there, all the children were standing around a big valentine box in one corner of the room.

Everyone but Betty brought valentines to drop inside the large red box.

"Where are your valentines, Betty?" asked Ellen.

"Oh!" said Betty. "I didn't bring any. I will bring some after lunch."

Then she told how her paper valentines had got wet with snow that morning.

"I'll bring a new kind of valentine," she said, but she did not tell anyone what kind she would bring.

At lunch time Betty hurried home, and the valentines were ready for her.

"What a pile!" she cried.

"My! They smell good. They will be much better than paper valentines, but how can I put my friends' names on them? Each valentine must have a name."

"It won't matter, Betty, if you do not put names on them," answered Mother.

"There is one for each one in the room. Here is a pretty box for them."

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After lunch Betty put all the valentines into the box and left for school.

When she walked into the schoolroom, Ellen said, "Look! Betty is bringing us another valentine box. Now we have two."

Soon it was time to give out valentines. Then what a surprise the children had!

When they looked inside Betty's box, it was full of cookie valentines.

"Mm-mm-m! How good!" they all said. "Cookie valentines are much better than paper ones. We can eat cookies.

They are the best valentines of all."

Bobby's New Shoes

Bobby was Peter's little brother.

He was not old enough to go to school, but he wanted to do everything Peter did. He wanted clothes like his brother's, too.

One morning he tried on Peter's coat.

Then he put one of Peter's big shoes on his small foot.

"I wish Mother would buy me shoes with high tops," he said.

One morning Mother said to Bobby, "Right after lunch today you and I will go to the shoe store and buy some shoes."

So after lunch they went downtown to the shoe store.

After she had bought shoes for Bobby, Mother began to try on shoes.

Bobby could not sit there and wait until Mother bought shoes for herself.

He wanted to walk in his new shoes, and suddenly those shoes walked away, with Bobby's feet inside them.

Left foot up, right foot down.

Left, right. Left, right.

Bobby could not take his eyes off those new shoes. Before he knew it, he had walked all the way across the room and out of the door.

Left, right. Left, right. Left, right.

Along the sidewalk went the new shoes, and Bobby's feet went, too.

Bobby wanted to show his fine shoes to his friends at the fire station and to all the neighbours.

Bobby turned at corner after corner and went down other streets.

Soon he and his fine new shoes came to the corner of a very busy street.

There sat a big policeman on a horse. He watched Bobby lift each foot up high as he walked along.

The big policeman called, "Little boy, watch where you are going."

Bobby looked at the big policeman, and then he looked all round.

He did not see any stores or buildings or people that he knew.

He was lost, but that did not matter, because Bobby was not frightened.

He knew that the big, kind policeman would not let anything happen to him.

"See my fine new shoes," said Bobby. "My mother just bought them for me. I wanted to show them to my friends, but I got lost."

The policeman smiled when Bobby lifted one foot to show his shoe. Then he asked, "Where is your mother now, little boy?"

"She is at the store where she bought my new shoes," said Bobby. "I don't know the name of the store."

Then a funny thing happened to Bobby.

The policeman suddenly picked him up and lifted him on to his horse.

Then another funny thing happened.

The policeman pulled one new shoe off Bobby's foot.

"Oh, please don't drop my new shoe!" cried Bobby.

The policeman just smiled. Then he looked inside Bobby's shoe and read, "Blue Front Shoe Store."

"Oh!" he laughed. "Now I know where your mother bought your fine new shoes, and that is where you and I are going. We shall find your mother there."

The big fine horse went galloping off, with Bobby and the policeman on his back.

Bobby waved to everyone he saw.

On they went, riding down streets and riding around corners, until they came to the Blue Front Shoe Store.

Bobby's mother was right there, looking up and down the street.

"Oh, Bobby!" she cried. "How did you happen to run away?"

The big policeman smiled as he lifted Bobby down. Then he said, "I know why he ran away. He just couldn't help it.

Those fine new shoes that you bought for him just ran away with Bobby."

The Detour

"I am going on a visit to see David and Uncle Joe," Molly said to the milkman one pleasant spring morning.

"I shall be gone six days."

"Well," said the milkman, "don't go so far that you can't get home again."

Molly laughed when she heard that.

"Oh, we shall not get lost!" she said.

"Our street runs into a country road, and the road runs to Uncle Joe's farm, so the road will take us right there."

"Maybe so," laughed the milkman, "but sometimes a road will fool you."

Molly wanted to ask the milkman why he said that, but Mother was ready to go, so Molly had not time to ask him.

She jumped into the car with Mother, and off they went down Green Street.

Soon they had gone by the fire station.

On they went, until they could not see any more city buildings.

They were out in the country now and on their way to Uncle Joe's farm.

Suddenly, as they were riding along, they came to some men on the road.

There was a sign on the road, too.

There were words on the sign that said, "Men working. Turn right to detour."

"Now we must detour," said Mother.

"Please, Mother," said Molly, "tell me what the word detour means."

"Oh!" said Mother. "The word detour means to go on another road. We must turn here at this old road and go around the place the men are fixing."

After they turned right, Mother said, "Now I will go more slowly so that I can watch for a sign that tells us where to turn left. We must turn left to get back to our road again."

"I'll watch for the sign," said Molly.

"Fine!" answered Mother. "I'll watch the road. This old road is full of bumps. It is so much longer than the other road, too. I don't like to detour at all."

Molly was looking out of the window. "I'm glad this road is longer," she said. "There are so many new things to see."

Bumpety, bumpety, bump went the car.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump went Molly.

"See——the——horses," she cried, and her words went bumpety, bump, too.

"Have you seen a sign?" asked Mother.

"No," answered Molly, "but——I——saw cows and pigs. I saw——some water, too. Two men——were catching some fish."

"Just watch for the sign," said Mother. "I'm afraid you will forget to watch for it."

"No," said Molly, "I'll watch. I told the milkman we should not get lost."

"I am glad of that," said Mother.

"We don't want to be late for dinner. I telephoned this morning and told David we should be there in time for dinner."

Bumpety, bump went the car again.

Molly's head bumped the top of the car. Then she went sliding down on the floor.

Mother stopped the car at once.

"Does your head hurt much?" she asked, as she lifted Molly up.

"Not much," said Molly. "Let's go on."

"Oh!" said Mother. "I'm afraid we have gone past the sign and lost the road."

"Lost the road!" said Molly. Then she laughed and said, "Oh! Now I know why the milkman said a road could fool us.'

"What do you mean?" asked Mother.

Just then Molly shouted, "Oh, look! Here is a sign next to the car."

"Does it say to turn left?" asked Mother.

"Yes, it does," answered Molly.

After they turned left, they soon came to the end of the long detour.

"Now," said Mother, "everything is all right. We have come to the end of the bumpety road. Here is our good road, and there is Uncle Joe's farm."

"Yes," said Molly, "and there is David, riding on his pony."

"Hurry!" called David. "Dinner is ready. Why were you so slow? Were you lost?"

"No," said Molly. "We did not get lost. The road played a trick and fooled us."

"What do you mean?" asked David. "How does a road play a trick?"

"By turning into a detour that is full of bumps," laughed Molly.

Molly's Surprise

It was spring, and spring was the time for the children to bring out roller skates.

Then they all put on their skates and went rolling along the walks.

There was a new walk on Green Street, so the children who lived on that street had the very best place to skate.

Up and down the street they skated in a long parade.

Children came from other streets, too, bringing their roller skates with them.

From one end of the walk to the other they skated, laughing and shouting.

The roller skates went buzzing past Molly's house. They buzzed past John's house and past Bobby's house.

Mothers did not care how much noise their children made with roller skates.

Old Mr. Bell, who lived near the end of the street, did not care. He liked to hear children going by. The longer they skated, the better he liked it.

He stood in his yard and smiled and waved to them as they skated past.

Sometimes he would call, "My, I wish I could skate on roller skates!"

No one but Mrs. Brown cared about the noise of the roller skates.

Sometimes she liked it, but sometimes she did not. She did not like to hear it while her baby was sleeping outdoors.

Then she wished the children would be more quiet as they skated past her house. Sometimes she wished they would skate on some other street.

Oh, what a noise the roller skates made as they rolled along the walk!

Oh, what a noise the children made as they laughed and called to each other!

They always woke Mrs. Brown's baby, and it always began to cry.

"What can be making that baby cry?" asked Molly one morning. "Does he cry all the time, I wonder?"

"I wonder, too," said Jane.

But not one of the children knew why the baby was crying. Every one of them went right on laughing and shouting.

Soon Molly said to Jane, "I don't want that baby to cry any longer. Maybe he will be quiet if I take him riding.

I see Mrs. Brown in the yard now. I'll go and ask her."

Molly stopped at Mrs. Brown's house and asked, "May I take the baby riding?"

"Thank you, Molly," said Mrs. Brown. "This is the time for my baby to sleep, but when you skate past, he wakes up.

I know you don't mean to wake him. I wonder if you boys and girls could be more quiet with your roller skates."

"We will try to keep quiet," said Molly.

Suddenly she smiled, and then she said, "Mrs. Brown, I have thought of a way to keep the children quiet."

She said something to Mrs. Brown.

The other children could not hear a word, and they wondered what she had told her.

Mrs. Brown laughed when she heard what Molly was going to do.

"That will be fine, Molly," she said. "If you do that, my baby can sleep while the children skate."

Molly said, "We won't tell the others. I'll save it for a surprise tomorrow."

Next day when the children came out to skate, they had a big surprise.

Near the corner of Mrs. Brown's yard stood a large white sign. There it stood, right by the sidewalk, and painted on it were some words in large black letters.

The children stopped and read the words, "Quiet! Baby sleeping. Please detour."

"Our roller skates wake the baby up," said Molly. "We must detour and go another way while the baby is sleeping. We can skate on the old sidewalks."

"Good!" cried Jane. "Let's see who can skate over the bumpety walks without falling down. It will be a new game."

Then they turned down another street.

"Now," said Molly, "our roller skates will go bumpety, bump. That is the way cars go on a detour. Let's call our game the bumpety, bump, detour game."

Which Circus?

Spring was circus time, and Jack saw signs with circus pictures everywhere.

There were signs all along the street, signs in windows, and signs on buildings.

There were pictures of big yellow lions,
pictures of elephants standing up,
pictures of bears on roller skates,
pictures of clowns—funny fat clowns,
clowns with red and yellow balloons,
clowns playing drums and doing tricks.

Jack didn't see some boys going past. He just stood there, looking at the pictures, and thinking, "Next week I am going to the circus.

I have saved enough money for it, and Father and I are going together."

"Hello," called Jim. "Why don't you come to the circus with us?"

"Why, Jim!" answered Jack. "It won't be here until next week."

"Oh!" said Jim. "The big circus is not the one I am talking about. We are going to the little circus that came last night. It is near the fire station."

"We are going right now," said Dick. "Come along with us."

"No," said Jack, "I've saved my money for the real circus next week.

It has lions and elephants and clowns."

"Yes," said Dick, "but the real circus may not have a merry-go-round.

This little circus has one, and we will ride on it before the show starts."

Jack watched his friends go off.

"It would be lots of fun to have rides on a merry-go-round," he said to himself.

And he wondered if the real circus would have one, too.

He could hear the merry-go-round now, and he wanted a ride more than ever.

He put his hand in his pocket.

Yes, there were the six dimes that he had saved for the real circus, so away he went, running after his friends.

Jack's friends were all riding on the merry-go-round, so he paid a dime and jumped on, too.

After one ride Jack wanted to ride a while longer, so he paid another dime.

Soon he paid a dime for a red balloon.

After a while drums began to play, and the other boys went to see the show.

"Maybe this circus is just as good as the big circus," thought Jack. "I don't want to wait a week. A week is too long."

Then Jack paid his last three dimes to go into the show.

At first Jack liked the show, and he laughed at everything.

Dogs were doing tricks with balloons, and horses were running and jumping, but there were no lions or bears, and no trick elephants—no elephants at all.

And there was just one clown—— just one jolly clown in funny clothes.

Then Jack thought of the things that Father had told him about the big circus.

He thought of all the pictures of lions and wonderful elephants that he had seen. He thought of his money that was gone.

Then he did not laugh any longer.

Jack walked home very slowly with his balloon. He told his father about the circus and the merry-go-round and the money he had paid for his fun.

"Oh, Jack!" said Father. "That was just a dog and pony show. You had saved your money for the real circus."

"I've thought about that," said Jack. "I am sorry that I paid my money to see that little show. I'm sorry I didn't save my money for the real circus next week."

"I know you are sorry," said Father with a quick smile, "and so am I.

But don't forget that the real circus will have a parade. You and I can see the parade together next week."

Then Jack gave a happy laugh.

"Good!" he said. "It will be lots of fun to watch the big parade, because we can see it together."

The Longest Way Round

One fine summer day Tom was walking along the big road with his dog. He was going to visit his grandfather's farm.

Grandfather's farm was not very far from Tom's house, and so Tom went there every day in the summer.

The road went around a big, high hill.

As Tom was walking along with his dog, he began to wonder why the road did not go over the top of the hill.

"Over the hill would be the short way to Grandfather's farm," he thought.

Just as soon as Tom got to the farm, he asked Grandfather about the hill.

"Why do we never walk over the hill to get from our farm to yours?" he asked. "I know that is the shortest way.

Sometimes we are in a very big hurry to get here, but we have never thought of coming over the hill. We always come around it, and that way is longer.

Over the hill would be a shorter way. It would be the shortest way of all."

"Well, Tom," said Grandfather slowly, "the way over the hill may be shorter, but sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home."

Then off he went to the corn field before Tom could ask him anything more.

Tom sat down, and he began to think about Grandfather's words. He wondered and wondered what they might mean.

Old dog Wag sat down in front of Tom. Wag could not talk, but he could hear.

"Bow-wow, bow-bow," he said.

He wagged and wagged his tail as if he knew just what Tom was talking about.

"I know that the way over the hill is shorter than the road," said Tom.

"I wonder what Grandfather means when he says that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home.

How can the longest way round ever be the shortest way? I wish I could find out."

After a while Tom thought he knew how to find out about the shortest way, and he began to tell Wag all about it.

"Wag," he said, "do you see that pile of straw in the corner of the barnyard?"

The old dog wagged his tail.

"I'll walk to the straw pile," said Tom.

"First I'll go the shorter way, which is right across the barnyard.

Then I'll come back along the fence.

If I count my steps each way, then I shall know which way takes more steps."

Tom began to walk to the straw pile, and he counted as he went. He walked slowly and counted each step.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—"

Wag walked slowly, too, and his tail wagged at every count.

When Tom got to the big pile of straw in the corner, he had counted 42 steps.

Then he started back along the fence.

Slowly he counted each step, all along the fence. When he got back to the barn, he had counted 60 steps.

"There, Wag," he said. "I've found out which way is shorter. I know 42 steps are not as many as 60 steps, so I know the way across the barnyard is shorter.

You can see that the longest way round is not the shortest way at all."

"Bow-wow," said Wag, and his long tail wagged as if he thought Tom was right.

Just then Grandmother called to Tom, "It is three o'clock. Your mother told you to leave for home at three o'clock. I am sorry you can't stay longer."

"Thank you, Grandmother," said Tom. "I will leave right away. Good-bye."

Wag waved good-bye with his long tail and went along with Tom.

"Now we will walk home a shorter way," said Tom. "We will go over the hill."

Climbing the hill was fun at first, but the summer sun was hot, and the hill was high, so Tom soon got tired.

"Wh-h-h-h!" he huffed as he stopped to rest. "I can't walk so fast uphill."

After that he went more slowly.

Slowly he climbed that big, high hill, huffing and puffing every step of the way. It took much longer to climb the hill than Tom had thought it would.

At last Tom came to the top of the hill.

Oh, how tired and hot he was!

He sat there and rested for a while.

At the foot of the hill was his home.

How he wished that he could go sliding down the hill, right into his own yard! But he had to walk all the way down.

"Oh, Wag!" he said. "It takes longer to climb the hill than to walk around it. I could have walked home in ten minutes if I had come along the road.

Now I know what Grandfather means when he says the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home."

New Animal Friends

Sleepy Sam

The long, hot summer days had come, but there was one cool spot of ground on Oak Hill Farm. That cool spot was under the old oak tree on top of the hill.

It was very quiet there, and under the cool green leaves stood Sleepy Sam, slowly swishing his tail.

Sleepy Sam was an old horse.

He had worked for a very long time at Oak Hill Farm, but he did not work any more. He just rested day after day.

Suddenly he heard someone talking. He turned slowly and looked round to see who was coming

Jill and Nancy were coming up the hill.

Nancy was calling to Sandy, who was planting seeds in a field.

He came to the fence, and Nancy said, "May we ride on Sam to David's house?"

"Oh, Nancy!" said Sandy. "Sleepy Sam is too slow and poky to go that far."

"It isn't so very far," said Nancy, "and Jill wants to try riding a horse. She has just come from the city."

"Well," said Sandy, "maybe Sleepy Sam will take you as far as David's house."

He took the old horse to the barn and got him ready for the girls to ride.

Sandy helped Jill and Nancy climb up on Sleepy Sam. Then he turned to point to the road where cars were flying past.

"Keep off the big road," he said.

"Take the old road through the woods. That road goes to David's house, too."

"But we'll get lost," cried Nancy.

"No," said Sandy. "Stay on the road, and Sleepy Sam will take you there."

Off through the woods went the girls.

Their road was cool and pleasant, and now and then the old horse stopped to rest.

Jill laughed and said, "If Sleepy Sam goes to sleep, we shall never get there."

"Sleepy Sam is poky," said Nancy, "but we shall get there. Keep watching for the red brick chimney on David's house."

When they had gone through the woods, Jill saw a red brick chimney over a hill. She pointed to it and asked, "Isn't that the chimney on David's house?"

"No," said Nancy when they came near. "That chimney is not on a house. It is on the country store. This is Four Corners.

I have often been here in the summer, but I have always come a shorter way."

"Look," said Jill. "Here is another road. Is it the road to David's house?"

"I'll ask Uncle John," said Nancy.

Jill saw two men in front of the store.

"Which one is Uncle John?" she asked.

"Both of them," said Nancy. "They are both named John, but one man is shorter than the other, and so we often call them Long Uncle John and Short Uncle John. They own the store together."

Then she called, "Hello, Uncle John. Which road goes to David's house?"

Short Uncle John pointed to the left.

Long Uncle John opened his mouth, but before he could say a word, Sleepy Sam quickly turned round. Then he began to go back the way he had come.

"Wh-ee-ee-ee," Sam said, as he opened his mouth and lifted his head. Then he started galloping.

Faster and faster went the old horse.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump went the girls, and before they knew it, they were home.

How Sandy laughed when he saw them!

"Well! You didn't stay long," he said.

"No," said Nancy. "Sam played a joke on us. He turned round and came home.

Sam is not as sleepy as we thought. He has just been fooling us."

"Yes," laughed Sandy. "He goes fast when he knows he is going home to rest."

Who Likes a Party?

Happy was a little brown dog who did many funny tricks.

Doodle was a black rooster who crowed early in the morning.

Waddle was a white duck who quacked from early morning till night. Zeke was a fat, jolly little pig who often got out of the pen. All four were Betty's pets.

Happy lived in a nice house of his own in the yard. The other three pets lived in a large pen behind Betty's garden, at the very end of Green Street.

Doodle, Waddle, and Zeke had come from the country early in the summer. All three of them had been brought from Uncle Will's farm.

One day when Betty came to the pen to give them food and water, she stood and talked to them for a long time.

Oh, what a noise they made when she went away from their pen!

Doodle crowed, and Waddle quacked.

Fat little Zeke began to grunt, and then he started to dig his way out of the pen.

Using his funny nose as a shovel, he quickly made a hole under the fence.

Out through the hole he wiggled, and after him went the duck and the rooster.

Betty put them back inside their pen, but after that they all got out very often. Then they would follow Betty all around the yard, just as Happy did.

One summer day all four of the pets were standing together under a big tree. They had been waiting there a long time.

As soon as Betty opened the front door, Happy wagged his tail and began to bark.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" he said.

Zeke grunted, "Oof, oof."

Waddle called, "Quack, quack."

Doodle lifted his head high and crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Betty smiled at them and said, "You must not follow me today. I am going to Sally's party, and it is not for animals.

I'm sorry, but you must stay at home in your pen. You would eat all the cake and ice cream if you went to the party."

Betty shut all her pets inside the pen, but she was in a hurry, and she didn't stop up the hole that Zeke had made.

Happy barked and barked and barked.

Zeke grunted and grunted.

Doodle crowed, and Waddle quacked.

"No," said Betty, "you must not follow me. I am going to Sally's party alone."

Then she hurried down the sidewalk, with a hippety, hippety, hippety-hop.

Soon she could see Sally's yard and all the children playing in it. She saw Ellen point at her. Then everyone began to laugh and shout.

"Dear me!" thought Betty. "I wonder why my friends are pointing and laughing. What is the joke?"

All at once Betty heard a soft grunt.

Quickly she turned round, and following behind her she saw a parade.

What a joke on Betty!

All her pets were following her.

Trot, trot, trot came Happy.

Behind the dog hurried Doodle, with his funny hippety-hop and his funny run.

Hippety, hippety! Hop and run!

Next was Zeke, who shook his fat sides as he ran. Behind him waddled the duck.

Betty's mouth fell open in surprise.

"Go home," she quickly cried to them. "Don't come another step. Do you hear? Sally does not want you at her party."

"Oh!" said Sally. "Let them stay."

So all the animals stayed at the party, and the children began to play with them.

"Sit still a minute, Happy," said Joe. "I'll tie this balloon on you. Then you can do funny tricks like a circus dog."

Just then Doodle saw the balloon.

Before Joe could stop him, he flew up and picked at the balloon with his bill.

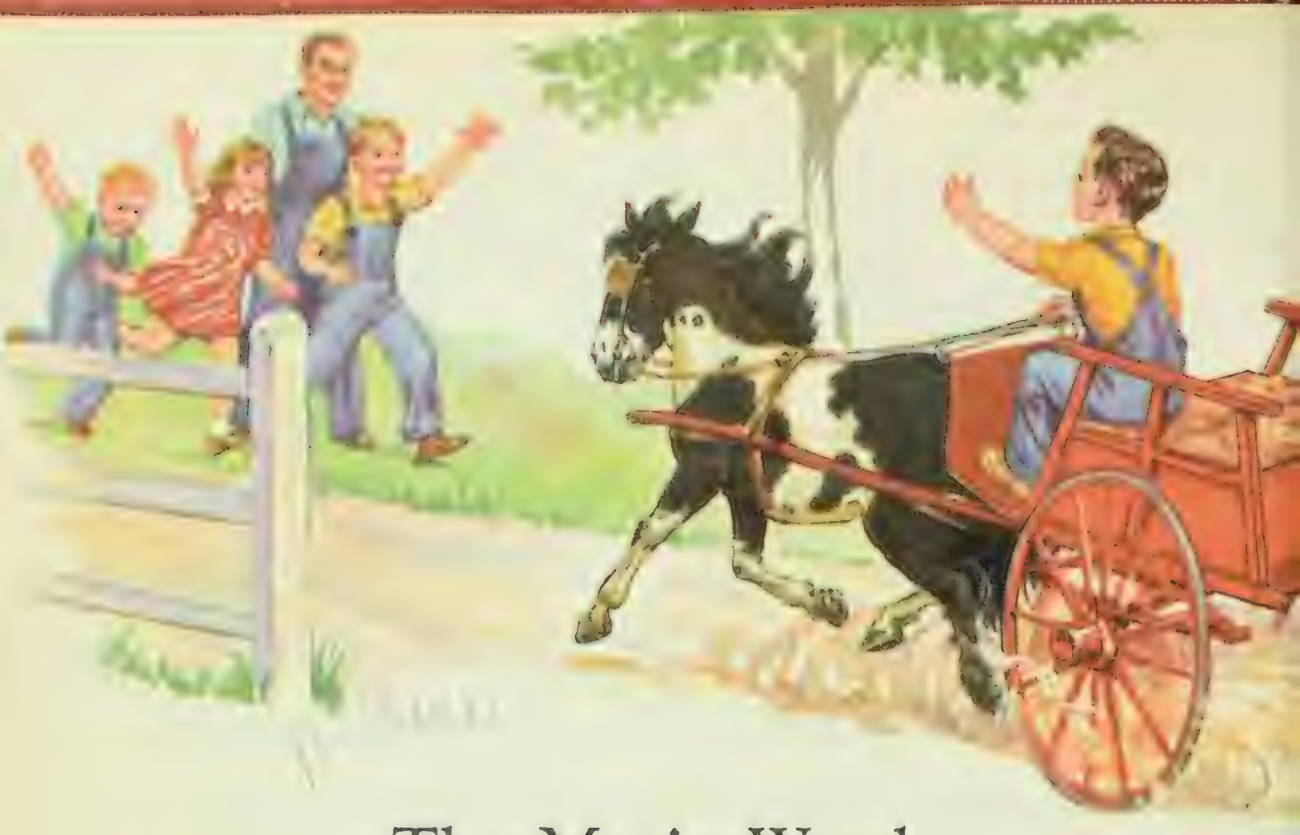
Bang went the balloon! Doodle looked so funny that everyone laughed.

Then Sally's mother brought out candy, cake, and ice cream. She brought food for the pets, too.

Doodle ate all his food. Then he lifted his head and crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Everyone laughed, and Ellen said, "Oh! I know what Doodle is saying.

He is saying, 'I—like—a—party—too.' "



The Magic Word

Up the road to Oak Hill Farm came a black and white pony at a fast trot.

Trot, trot. Trot, trot, trot.

Behind the pony rolled a fine red cart, and in the cart sat a boy, all alone.

He waved and called, "Hello, there."

"Look, look!" cried Tim. "It is David. He has a fine new cart for Trot."

When David stopped, he said, "I've come to take you to the store at Four Corners. We can get ice cream on sticks there."

The three children hurried to climb into the cart.

Then they all cried, "Let's go, Trot."

But Trot did not go. He stood still.

"Maybe he doesn't like to have a cart following him," said Nancy.

"Oh, yes, he does!" David said.

He clucked to Trot and pulled the lines, but nothing happened. Trot stood still.

"Isn't this a joke on us?" laughed Tim.

Just then Father came up to them.

"I have been watching Trot," he said, "and I think I know how to make him go. Let me whisper a magic word to him."

Then he put his mouth near Trot's ear.

When Father whispered in Trot's ear, the little pony gave a big jump. Then he began to gallop so quickly that Tim and Nancy almost fell out of the cart.

Tom said, "I wish I knew the word that Father just whispered in Trot's ear. It must have been a magic word, because it made Trot start so quickly."

After a while Nancy cried, "Oh, look! There is the little store at Four Corners. We are almost there. Drive faster, David."

"Yes," cried Tim, "drive faster, and we shall soon have ice cream on a stick."

In one minute they were at the store.

The next minute they were all inside the store, with their mouths full of cool ice cream.

"Let's save the last of our ice cream to give Trot," said Nancy. "He should be a good pony if we give him ice cream."

Then she told the two men in the store all about Trot. She told how her father had whispered in Trot's ear.

"He whispered a magic word," said Tom, "and we all wondered what it could be.

Do you know what to say to a pony when he doesn't want to go?"

"Well," said Short Uncle John, "I know a word that seems to be a magic word.

If you say it, almost anyone should do what you ask. Maybe a pony would, too. The magic word begins with the letter P. Can you guess the word I mean?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I can guess the word. If Trot stands still again, I'll try it."

Then the children jumped into the cart. David clucked to Trot, and off they went.

Tom wanted to drive Trot, so David let him hold the lines all alone.

The pony went more and more slowly.

Then he stopped and would not move a step.

Nancy laughed and said, "Trot doesn't like to have Tom drive him."

Then David took hold of the lines again. He shook them over Trot's back and clucked to him, but the pony would not lift a foot. He seemed like a pony made of wood.

Many cars were going past, and some of them stopped and honked. The people shouted at the pony, trying to make him run.

Suddenly Tom jumped out of the cart.

He put his mouth near Trot's ear and whispered PLEASE right inside it.

Trot started with a big jump, and Tom was almost left behind, but he jumped into the cart just as it went past him.

Trot went galloping all the way home.

Then Tom ran to his father and said, "Oh, Father! We know the magic word you whispered to Trot. It was PLEASE.

That's the magic word, because it works like real magic with Trot. I whispered it in his ear, and it made him go in a hurry."

Father laughed and said, "Yes, my boy. PLEASE is often a magic word, but I'll tell you the big joke about that whisper in Trot's ear.

When you whispered in his ear, you blew into it. When you blow into a pony's ear, he just cannot stand still."

The Kitten Who Worked

Play and eat, wash and sleep.

That's what Penny did all day long, and that's just what she liked to do.

Penny was a pretty yellow kitten, who had never been away from her home.

She was Ann's little kitten, and Ann was very good to her.

Ann often gave her cream, and she bought nice toys for her to play with.

One toy was a coloured ball on a string. That was the toy that Penny liked best, and that was the toy Penny played with day after day.

One day just as Penny began to wash her face, Ann came into the room.

"Wash, wash," said Ann. "That's what you should be doing. You must wash your face very clean, because Mr. Wood is going to take your picture."

"Mew, mew, mew," said Penny, as if she were asking, "What is a picture?"

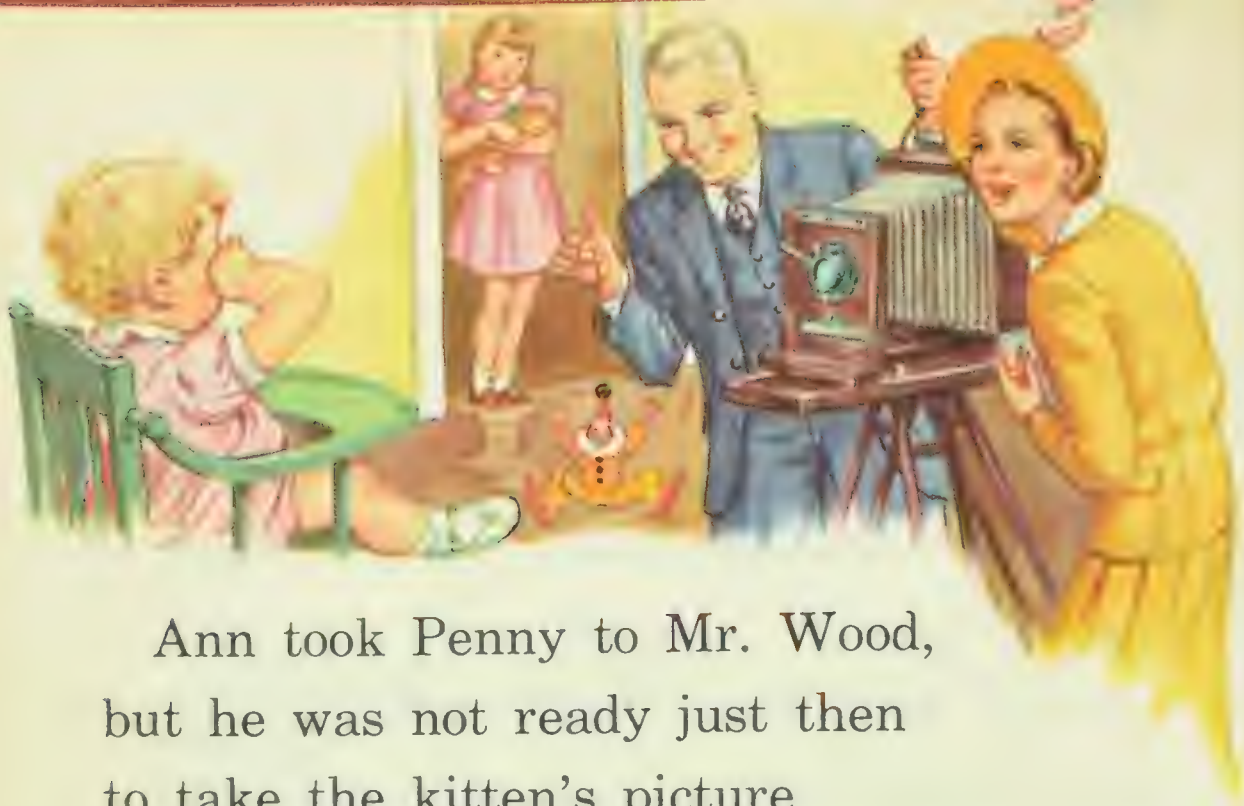
Ann went right on talking.

"You see, Penny," she said, "I'm going on a long trip with Father and Mother. I must get someone to keep you, because I can't leave you here alone.

I will miss you very much, but I'll take your picture away with me. When I hold your picture, it will seem almost as if I were holding my real kitten."

When Penny had washed her face clean, Ann tied a bell on her.

Then she picked her up and went out.



Ann took Penny to Mr. Wood, but he was not ready just then to take the kitten's picture.

He was busy trying to take a picture of a baby, and the baby was crying.

Mr. Wood and the baby's mother were trying to make her stop crying.

The mother waved her handkerchief above her head and said, "Smile, Baby."

Mr. Wood was holding a toy clown on a string and making it jump.

"This toy should make babies smile," he said, as he made the toy clown jump and jump.

But the baby would not stop crying.

"Mew, mew, mew," said Penny.

Ting-a-ling went her bell, as she jumped out of Ann's arms and ran across the floor.

Before Ann could catch her, Penny was trying to get the clown that Mr. Wood was holding above her.

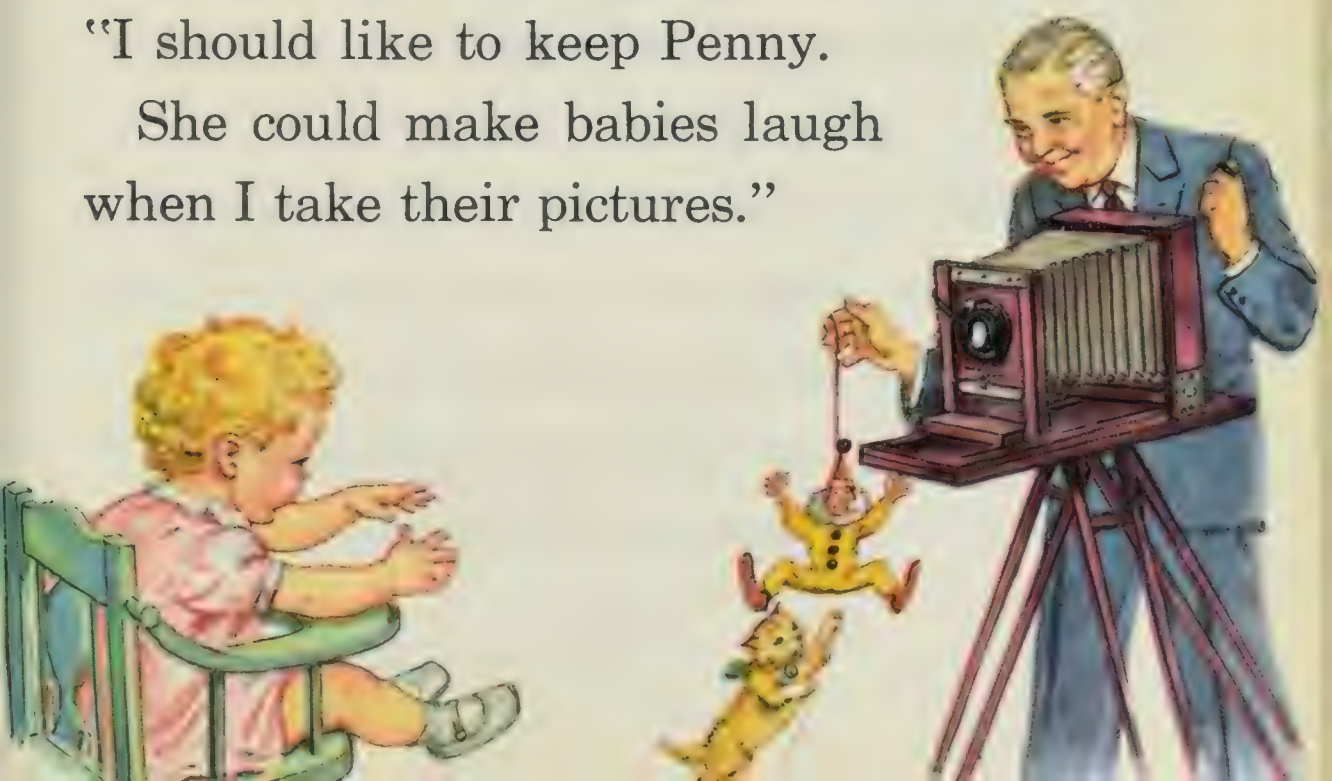
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling went her bell.

Suddenly the baby began laughing and holding out both little hands.

"Kitty, kitty. Kitty, kitty," she called in her soft, baby voice. "Kitty, kitty."

Mr. Wood took the little baby's picture, with her face all smiles. Then he said, "I should like to keep Penny.

She could make babies laugh when I take their pictures."



"Oh!" cried Ann. "Will you keep Penny while I am on a trip?

I have saved money to pay for her food."

"Why, Ann!" said Mr. Wood. "I'll feed your kitten without any pay. If Penny makes all the babies laugh, she will be working for her living."

"That's funny," cried Ann. "My kitten can work for a living while she plays."

Then Mr. Wood took Penny's picture while she was washing her face.

Ann went home, but the kitten stayed to play with the toy clown and to work for her living. She stayed to play and eat, wash and sleep.

Penny's picture was soon ready for Ann. She took it with her on her trip, and she showed it to everyone she met.

How everyone laughed when Ann said that her kitten worked for a living!

The Squirrel's Policeman

Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter went Mother Squirrel's voice above Billy's head. That's why he named her Mrs. Chatterbox.

Billy was glad she and her five babies were living in the maple tree. He liked to hear her chattering voice.

Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter went her voice day after day.

Billy thought she was saying, "Hurry. Hurry. Do what your mother does."

Soon all five little squirrels could follow Mrs. Chatterbox as she made her trips up and down the maple tree.

One tiny squirrel was always slow, so Billy named him Johnny Slow.

Sometimes his mother had to chatter and chatter before Johnny would follow his brothers and sisters.

He seemed to be afraid that his feet would not hold on to the tree.

What a busy place the maple tree was, with Mrs. Chatterbox and her five babies jumping and playing together!

"Do what your mother does," chattered the old squirrel's voice day after day and week after week as the summer went by.

That is how she made her babies learn the things they should know.

Soon the warm summer days were past. Fall had come, and now the babies had beautiful coats of long, soft gray hair.

They had learned how to keep their tails and their coats clean. They had learned how to do other things, too.

They had learned how to jump quickly from branch to branch of the maple tree, and how to hide nuts for winter.

Four of the baby squirrels could run almost as fast as their mother, and they could jump almost as far.

It took much longer for the tiny squirrel to learn all those tricks. At last he, too, could jump from branch to branch, holding a nut in his mouth, but always he was the last one to jump.

Just across the street from Billy's yard was a big nut tree. When the wind blew, nuts would drop fast. Then the squirrels began hiding as many as they could.

They would hold them in their mouths until they found a good hiding place.

One cool, fall day Billy was working in the yard. He was busy making piles of leaves with his rake.

Suddenly Mrs. Chatterbox ran past, with five little squirrels following her. They all ran toward the large nut tree across the street from Billy's house.

Johnny Slow was last, and before he could get all the way across the street, a car came along. Jump went Johnny, into a deep, dark hole to hide.

How wet and dark it was in that hole!

Every time Johnny tried to climb up the wet sides of the hole, he would slide right down again.

Poor, frightened Johnny Slow!

What a loud chatter he made!

Billy heard the tiny squirrel's voice, and he wondered what had happened to him.

He peeped down into the deep hole and saw the poor wet squirrel inside.

Billy was still holding the rake.

As quick as quick could be, he pushed one end of the rake down toward Johnny.

Then the cold, wet little squirrel began to climb up the rake. Up, up he climbed toward the street above.

Up into the sunlight came Johnny Slow, right into Billy's warm, kind hands.

"Ch-ch-ch," chattered the poor squirrel.

For a long while he shook all over, and it seemed that he would never get warm.

When Billy took him across the street, Mother Squirrel came running toward him.

She chattered and chattered as if to say, "Put my baby down. Put my baby down."

Billy wanted to keep on holding Johnny, but he put him down on the grass.

"Now don't be afraid, Mrs. Chatterbox," he said in a quiet voice.

"I was not hurting your baby. I was helping him. I am his policeman.

My father is Big Bill, the policeman.

He helps people, and when I grow up, I am going to learn to be a policeman, too.

But I don't have to wait until I am big to help tiny Johnny Slow."

The Woodpecker's Bank

A noise was coming from a maple tree in Patty's front yard.

It was a very loud and busy noise, but Patty thought it was a pleasant noise to hear on a warm spring morning.

"There goes Mr. Woodpecker's drum," Patty said, as she ran toward the tree. "I'll see how he makes that funny noise."

There on a big branch above her was a black and white bird with a red head. With its long bill it was making a hole in the maple tree.

How fast the woodpecker worked!

Suddenly the woodpecker flew away toward the park at the end of the street, but he was not gone long.

Soon Patty saw him flying to the roof of the house with something in his bill.

She saw him drop it into a small crack. Then he pushed it down into the crack with his bill as if he were hiding it.

"Oh, Jim!" called Patty to her brother. "Come here and watch this woodpecker. See if you can tell what he is hiding.

He came from the park with something in his bill. Now he is hiding it in a crack on our roof. Oh, I wonder what that bird could be hiding."

"I know," said Jim. "The woodpecker is hiding food that he found in the park. He is hiding it in the crack on the roof because he isn't hungry now.

A woodpecker often does that when he finds a lot of food. He eats all he wants. Then he hides the rest of it. He saves his food, just as we save the money in our banks. His bank is a crack."

Soon the bird flew to the maple tree. The sunlight came through the leaves and made the feathers on his head look as red as fire.

Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap.

"I hear him playing his drum again," said Patty.

"Oh!" said Jim. "He doesn't tap for fun. He is working. He gets food in the bark of trees, and sometimes he digs a hole in the tree for a nest."

Soon the children heard another noise high above them.

"Jay, jay, jay.——Jay, jay, jay."

A big bird with pretty blue feathers came flying down on to the roof.

"That is a bluejay," said Jim.

Right to the woodpecker's bank went the bluejay, and then it began to dig.

"Look at that," cried Jim to his sister. "If the woodpecker doesn't come quickly, that bluejay will eat all the insects and other food in the crack."

In just a second the woodpecker gave a loud cry. He had seen the bluejay at his bank, eating his insects.

"Qu——ee," cried the woodpecker.

"Stop," he seemed to say. "Stop."

He flew down from the tree and scared the hungry bluejay away from the crack.

Then back he went to the maple tree and began his tap, tap, tap again.

Suddenly the loud cries of the bluejay came from a tree in the park. His cries seemed to say, "Jay, Jay, Jay. Poor Jay. Poor——poor Jay."

"I'm not sorry for him," said Patty.

"He was eating the woodpecker's food. I am glad the woodpecker came in time to drive Mr. Bluejay away from the crack."

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm glad he was not too late to save his bank."

How the Wren Family Moved

Above the corn field two brown wrens came flying. They were coming to build their nest at Oak Hill Farm, just as they did every spring in May.

On this warm May day the wrens saw something queer in the corn field.

It looked something like a man, but it was not a real man. It just stood there, holding out its arms.

In the old oak tree two black crows sat on a branch and called, "Caw, caw, caw." They were afraid of the queer man who was so quiet.

The wrens had never been afraid of men, so both of them flew near to have a look at this queer, quiet man.

It had on Sandy's coat and hat, but it was not Sandy. It was a scarecrow that Sandy had made.

He had made it with sticks and straw and some old clothes.

"Caw, caw, caw," said the crows, as if they were telling the wrens to stay away.

But the wrens did not listen to them.

They flew near enough to see a big hole in the scarecrow's hat.

Mrs. Wren put her tiny head inside.

How dark it was, and what a fine place for a nest!

The hat would make a roof to keep out the rain, and it would hide a nest from the bigger birds, like bluejays and crows. Then they could not eat the wren's eggs.

The two wrens began to carry straws to make a tiny round nest inside the hat.

They used feathers and grass to make the nest soft and warm.

A week went by, and then there were six tiny eggs in the nest.

Mrs. Wren began to sit on the eggs. Day after day she sat there, keeping them warm with her soft feathers.

Mr. Wren would carry nice, fat insects for her to eat. When he was not busy carrying insects, he sang to her.

He sang every day for two weeks, but after that Mrs. Wren did not have time to listen to him. She began to listen to the cries of baby birds in her nest.

"Peep, peep. Peep, peep, peep."

The tiny eggs had cracked open, and wee baby wrens were coming out.

Soon six babies were inside the hat.

They were queer babies with no feathers at all, but the babies did not look queer to the father wren and the mother wren. They listened to their babies' cries and flew away to find insects for them to eat.

Across the fields and back to their nest they flew, carrying insects for the babies.

Back and forth. Back and forth.

The babies were always hungry, and so the big wrens were busy finding insects.

One day when they came flying back to their nest, a real man was standing beside the scarecrow.

Before the wrens could get to the nest, the man had lifted up the scarecrow and was carrying it across the field.

"Ki-ki-ki, kikikiki," cried the wrens.

Both of them flew along beside the man, with loud cries that were like screams.

The man went on across the field and into the middle of the garden.

He stood the scarecrow up beside him. Then he pushed the end of the stick down into the soft earth.

The two old wrens flew above his head, still screaming, "Ki-ki-ki, kikikiki."

Suddenly a laughing voice called out, "Why are you making so much noise? I just wanted to put this old scarecrow in the garden to keep birds from eating our plants."

The voice was Sandy's. He was the man who had been carrying the scarecrow.

The two wrens began to scream again.

"Kikiki, kikiki, kikiki."

Tim heard their screams, so he ran out to listen. Then he called out to Sandy, "What is the matter with those wrens?"

"Oh!" said Sandy. "They don't seem to want this scarecrow moved."

Sandy and Tim began to go away, and then the wrens stopped their noise.

Tim and Sandy turned quickly and saw Mrs. Wren hop through the hole in the hat.

They could hear the peep, peep, peep of her babies inside it.

"What a joke!" said Sandy. "I've moved a bird family into the middle of the garden.

Well, it's a good thing they are wrens. Wrens don't eat cabbages or other plants, but they will eat all the potato bugs."

How Skip Found Joe

"Arf, arf, arf, arf," barked Skip.

He stood still in the middle of the barn at Oak Hill Farm, looking for Joe.

Skip was Joe's dog, and he had been visiting at the farm all day with Joe.

"Arf, arf, arf," Skip barked again.

Then he stopped barking for a second and stood still with both ears pointed up.

Skip was listening for Joe's voice and listening for Joe to say, "Come, Skip. It's five o'clock. It is time to go home to supper."

Sniff, sniff, sniff went the white puppy, trying to find out if Joe could be hiding.

Joe was not hiding. He had gone home to eat his supper while Skip was running after rabbits in the woods.

Skip always ran after rabbits when he came to the farm, and Joe always waited for him at the red barn. But this time Skip had stayed in the woods too long. This time Joe had gone home alone.

Skip ran out to the barnyard, barking and barking, "Arf, arf, arf."

Skip's bark was not very loud now, and he wagged his tail more and more slowly. He was tired and wanted his supper, but he was not going home without Joe.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Tom called, "Here, Skip, get your supper."

"Arf," barked Skip, and his short tail wagged faster as he ran into the kitchen.

But Skip would not eat any supper.

From kitchen to living room he ran, sniffing the floors and chairs. One chair smelled like Joe, but Joe was not in it.

Back and forth, back and forth he ran.

Back and forth followed Tom and Nancy.

"Go home, Skip. Go home," they called, and pointed to the kitchen door.

Skip barked and wagged his tail, but he did not move a step toward the door. He just stood in the middle of the floor.

"Oh, Skip!" cried Tom. "You are not as smart as Joe thinks you are. He said that you were smart enough to know what we mean when we say, 'Go home.' "

Skip listened to Tom with a queer look in his eyes. He was not going home until he heard Joe himself say, "Home, Skip."

He always went home when Joe said that, but now Joe was not here, and Skip didn't know what to do.

Ting–a–ling, ting–a–ling–ling went a bell in the living room. It was the telephone, and Tom hurried out of the kitchen.

Skip followed him and sat by his chair while Tom answered the telephone.

Suddenly the little dog lifted his ears. He could hear Joe's voice coming through the telephone as he talked to Tom.

"Arf, arf, arf," barked Skip. He was very excited. Knock, knock, knock went his short white tail on the floor. Then he jumped up on the chair beside Tom.

He was so excited that he almost knocked the telephone out of Tom's hand.

The next minute Tom was laughing and holding the telephone to Skip's ear.

"Listen for yourself, Skip," he said.

"It's Joe talking. Are you smart enough to know what he says on the telephone?"

"Home, Skip," called Joe. "Come home. It's time for supper."

"Arf," said Skip. How his tail wagged! He was more excited than ever.

Off the chair he jumped.

Out of the door and down the road he ran, and it wasn't long until he was home.

Joe was waiting when Skip got there.

"Smart dog!" he said.

"Smart dog, Skip!"

New Story Book Friends

Mrs. Goose Forgets

Early one morning silly Mrs. Goose came knocking on the schoolhouse door.

She came knock, knock, knocking with one end of the big blue umbrella she was carrying.

Miss Squirrel opened her door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Goose," she said with a big, friendly smile. "Come in and sit down. Just make yourself at home."

Miss Squirrel pointed to a chair, but Mrs. Goose was too excited to sit down.

"Oh!" she said. "I just came to ask— Well, now, isn't that queer? I forget what I wanted to ask."

Mrs. Goose looked down at the string on her neck.

"Oh, me!" she said. "I tied a string on my neck so I wouldn't forget what I came to ask, but I forgot it anyway.

I know it was about something that animal children learn at school."

"Well," said Miss Squirrel, "they learn how to read books. Do you want to ask about reading books? Is that what you came to ask?"

"No," said Mrs. Goose. "I can read as well as you can yourself, and I can sing and count, too. Just hear me count.

One, three, six, four, two, five, ten."

Miss Squirrel stood still and listened while Mrs. Goose counted to ten.

Then with a friendly smile she asked, "Can you sing as well as you can count? Would you like to sing by yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Goose, and she began to tap her foot and sing.

What a terrible, terrible noise!

Suddenly Mrs. Goose stopped singing and cried, "Oh, I forgot that I left apples boiling on the fire. They will burn, and I can't make apple butter if they burn."

How excited she was as she waddled out of the door with her big umbrella!

She got home before the apples burned and made her apple butter.

Soon silly Mrs. Goose came knocking on the door again. Then she waddled in.

"What are the children learning now?" she asked. "Maybe they are learning what I came to ask you about."

"They are learning to paint flowers," said friendly Miss Squirrel.

Mrs. Goose shook her head and said, "That isn't what I forgot to ask about.

I can paint flowers. See for yourself what fine flowers I can paint.

I'll paint a rose first, because I like to paint roses best of all."

Then silly Mrs. Goose painted a rose, but it was a terrible, terrible rose. It was more like a cabbage than a rose.

The animal children began to write, and then Mrs. Goose said, "Oh, I almost forgot that I must write something.

I must write the words APPLE BUTTER on some papers. I always write the names on little papers for the things I put away to eat in the winter time."

Mrs. Goose waddled out of the door, but suddenly she waddled back again.

"Oh!" she cried. "Now I know why I tied a string on my neck. I wanted to ask you how to write the word BUTTER. I want to know how many T's are in it."

All at once she began to squawk and wave her umbrella in Miss Squirrel's face.

"What is the matter with this school?" she squawked. "The children read and write and sing and count and paint flowers, but they never write the word BUTTER, so I don't know what letters are in it."

"Oh!" cried the children. "We learned to write the word BUTTER last winter. We know the letters in it.

There are two T's in BUTTER."

Then Mrs. Goose stopped squawking and suddenly became as friendly as could be.

"Oh, thank you! How wise you are!" she said with a big smile. "I'm so sorry I squawked at you."

Then she waddled out of the door again, saying, "Two T's——two T's——two T's."

She hurried home and began to write APPLE BUTTER as fast as she could.

This time she did not forget.

The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings

Once there was a white rabbit who was always wishing for something.

He had enough food to eat, and he had a nice home under an old maple tree.

He had everything any rabbit could need, but he was always wishing for things that he didn't need.

Once he wished for a long, gray tail like little Bobby Squirrel's. When he saw Mrs. Goose, he wished for a long neck like hers.

All day long he would wish and wish, until his poor mother became very tired of hearing him.

One day wise Mr. Ground-hog came by and heard Little Rabbit saying, "I wish I had feathers like Mrs. Duck."

Then the ground-hog smiled and asked, "Why don't you go to the Wishing Pond in the woods and make your wish?

Then turn round three times and look at yourself in the pond, and you will get your wish."

Little White Rabbit became so excited that he didn't stop to tell Mother Rabbit where he was going.

He hopped to the Wishing Pond faster than he had ever hopped before.

Beside the pond he saw a small bird with pretty red feathers on its wings.

"Oh, my!" he said to himself. "I wish I had pretty red wings."

Quickly he turned round three times, as Mr. Ground-hog had told him to do.

When Little Rabbit looked at himself in the cool water of the Wishing Pond, a queer thing happened to him.

Two bright red wings suddenly came on his back, just like magic.

How proud he was! How very proud!

He started for home at once, to show his red wings to his mother.

When he got home, it was dark, and the door was shut. He stood there and knocked and knocked and knocked.

His mother peeped out of the door. She had never before seen wings on a rabbit. She didn't know her baby could change into this queer-looking animal, and so she would not let him in.

Then the poor little rabbit had to find another place to eat supper and sleep.

He knocked at door after door, but he was so changed that his friends did not know him. No one would let him in.

He tried and tried to rub his wings off on a tree, but they would not rub off.

So he hopped and flew until he came to the hole where Mr. Ground-hog lived.

The wise ground-hog knew the rabbit, but he didn't say a word about the way the rabbit had changed. He gave him some supper and let him sleep in his bed.

"It's a hard bed," thought the rabbit.

"It's a very hard bed, but a hard bed of sticks is better than no bed at all."

Next morning the old ground-hog said, "You don't seem very proud of your wings."

"Oh!" cried the rabbit. "I'm not proud of them at all. I want to rub them off."

The old ground-hog said, "You cannot rub them off, but you can wish them off and change to a real rabbit again.

Go to the pond where you got the wings and wish to be like yourself again."

"Oh, I will!" cried the poor rabbit.

Quickly he hopped to the pond.

"I wish to change and be like a rabbit," he said, as he turned round three times.

He looked into the pond, and he changed like magic. His wings were gone, and he never knew what became of them.

The smiling little rabbit hopped back to show the ground-hog what had happened. Then off he hurried toward his home.

In a few minutes he was at his home under the large maple tree. His mother met him at the door. She knew him now and let him come in.

That night the little white rabbit did not have to sleep on a hard bed of sticks. He had his own soft bed once more.

Never again did he wish for things that he didn't need.

The Little Old Woman's New Hat

A friendly woman named Mrs. Bright lived on Apple Tree Road. She always was smiling and never was sad.

She had a little brick house, a garden full of flowers, and a beautiful, big hat with a red feather on it.

Whenever she walked to the village, she put on her hat with the red feather.

One day she could not find her hat.

She looked everywhere, under the bed, under all the chairs, and in every box, but her hat was nowhere to be seen. Then for the first time she became very sad.

Mrs. Bright wasn't sad very long, and soon she was smiling a friendly smile.

"I don't need to be sad," she thought.

"I still have my own little house and my garden full of flowers, and I can get another hat. So why should I be sad?

Miss Nancy made my last hat, and she can make me a new one with a red feather. On my way down to the village I will stop at her house and wait while she makes it, but I must not go without some flowers."

Then, taking a basket, she went out to the garden to pick a few flowers.

"Let's see," she said. "I will cut a few of my roses and some of the red flowers that grow beside the gate. I'll cut a few of the yellow flowers, too."

At last the basket was full of flowers, and taking it with her, she opened the gate and started off to the village.

A farmer was going to the village, too, with his wagon full of chickens and pigs.

Just a few steps from Mrs. Bright's gate, his wagon turned over.

Chickens began to squawk, pigs began to squeal, Mrs. Bright began to scream, and the farmer began to shout.

"Stop, stop, stop!" the farmer shouted at one of the pigs that was running away, but the frightened pig went on running. And the pig and chickens in the wagon went right on squawking and squealing, squawking and squealing.

Mrs. Bright became very much excited by all the loud squawking and squealing.

When she saw the farmer running after the pig, she ran after it, too.

"Stop, pig, stop!" she screamed.

"I'm going to catch you."

But it was hard to catch the pig and hold the basket of flowers, too.

She needed both hands to hold the pig, so without thinking about the flowers, she put the basket on her head.

Most of the flowers fell out at once, but one pink rose stayed in the basket.

How queer she looked with a pink rose peeping out over her ear!

But she did catch the farmer's pig.

Mrs. Bright walked back to the farmer, taking the squealing pig in her arms.

She was so proud of catching the pig that she forgot about the basket.

It was still upside down on her head when she got to Miss Nancy's house, and the pink rose was still over one ear.

Miss Nancy was standing near the gate, and before Mrs. Bright had time to say a word, she called out, "Good afternoon. What a pretty new hat you have!

It looks very nice with that pink rose upside down over your ear.

You must be proud of that hat."

Mrs. Bright put her hand up to her head.

There was the basket, upside down.

"Oh, oh!" she thought. "So a basket upside down looks like a hat, does it?

Very well. Then maybe it is a hat.

If Miss Nancy believes that it's a hat, almost everyone will believe that it is, and if most of the people believe that, I am sure I can believe it, too."

Mrs. Bright was smiling as she walked to the village.

"Well, well, well," she said to herself. "It just shows that we should always be smiling and happy and never be sad—— never be sad, no matter what happens."

Little Mouse Dances

Once a merry little brown mouse lived in a little brown house on the very top of a hill.

This merry little mouse liked to dance. Every morning she put a red paper rose over her ear. Then she began to skip and dance and sing.

She danced all day long, singing,

"Why rub and scrub
All day in the house?
It's better to dance
Like Little Brown Mouse."

Old Grandmother Mouse paid her a visit one bright summer afternoon. She looked all round and said, "What a lot of dust! I have never seen so much dust.

I don't believe you ever clean or scrub your little brown house."

"Oh!" answered the smiling little mouse. "I don't want to use the daytime to scrub and clean my house.

I want to dance and sing this afternoon. I will scrub and clean my house tonight."

Then away she danced down the hill.

At the foot of the big hill there was a village, and in the village there was a store window with a fine red dress in it.

When Little Brown Mouse saw the dress, she said, "I must buy that pretty dress. It is the same colour as my rose."

Into the store she ran, and she bought the pretty red dress.

She was so proud of it that she said, "I don't believe I should rub and scrub in this new dress. I'm sure to get it wet. I believe I'll dance in it tonight."

So the little mouse danced and danced most of the night in her pretty red dress.

The next afternoon Grandmother Mouse came again. She saw that dust still lay all over the house. Dust lay on the bed, and dust lay under the bed. Dust lay on the tables, and dust lay on the chairs.

Then wise old Grandmother Mouse said, "Dear, dear me, Little Brown Mouse!

There still seems to be a lot of dust in your little brown house.

I don't believe you did scrub it."

"No," said the mouse, "but I am sure I shall have time to scrub it tonight."

Out she danced in her pretty red dress, out through the gate and down the hill to the village.

There in a store window lay some shoes.

The shoes were just the same colour as her bright red dress and her paper rose.

She bought the shoes, and out she danced. She danced and danced and danced.

Next morning when Little Brown Mouse woke up, she looked at her new red dress. She looked at her new red shoes, that lay on the table beside her bed.

"Dear me!" she cried, taking the shoes from the table. "I can't dance in these. They look terrible. There is such a lot of dust on them."

The little mouse began to rub the shoes as hard as she could.

Rub, rub, rub. Soon the red shoes were bright and pretty again.

Then she blew the dust off the flower and shook out the dress.

When the little mouse saw how clean her shoes and dress and rose were, she wanted her house to look the same way, so she dusted the tables, chairs, and bed.

When the dusting was done, she began to scrub the floor.

"I shall have plenty of time to dance when my work is done tonight," she said.

When everything was clean, she put on her red dress, her flower, and her shoes.

Then she began to dance and sing,

"It's better to scrub
All day in the house
And dance at night
Like Little Brown Mouse."

The Little Engine

Once a farmer had some fine wheat. He took it to a long train of cars and put wheat in every car.

"Will you please carry my fine wheat away to the city?" he asked the cars.

"Yes," they said. "We shall be glad to carry your wheat for you, but cars cannot move alone. We need an engine to pull us.

We shall need a very good engine, too, to pull such a long train to the city. Please see if you can find one."

So the farmer went to find an engine.

"Oh!" thought the farmer. "There are a few engines standing at the station.

I am sure I can get one of them to pull these bags of wheat.

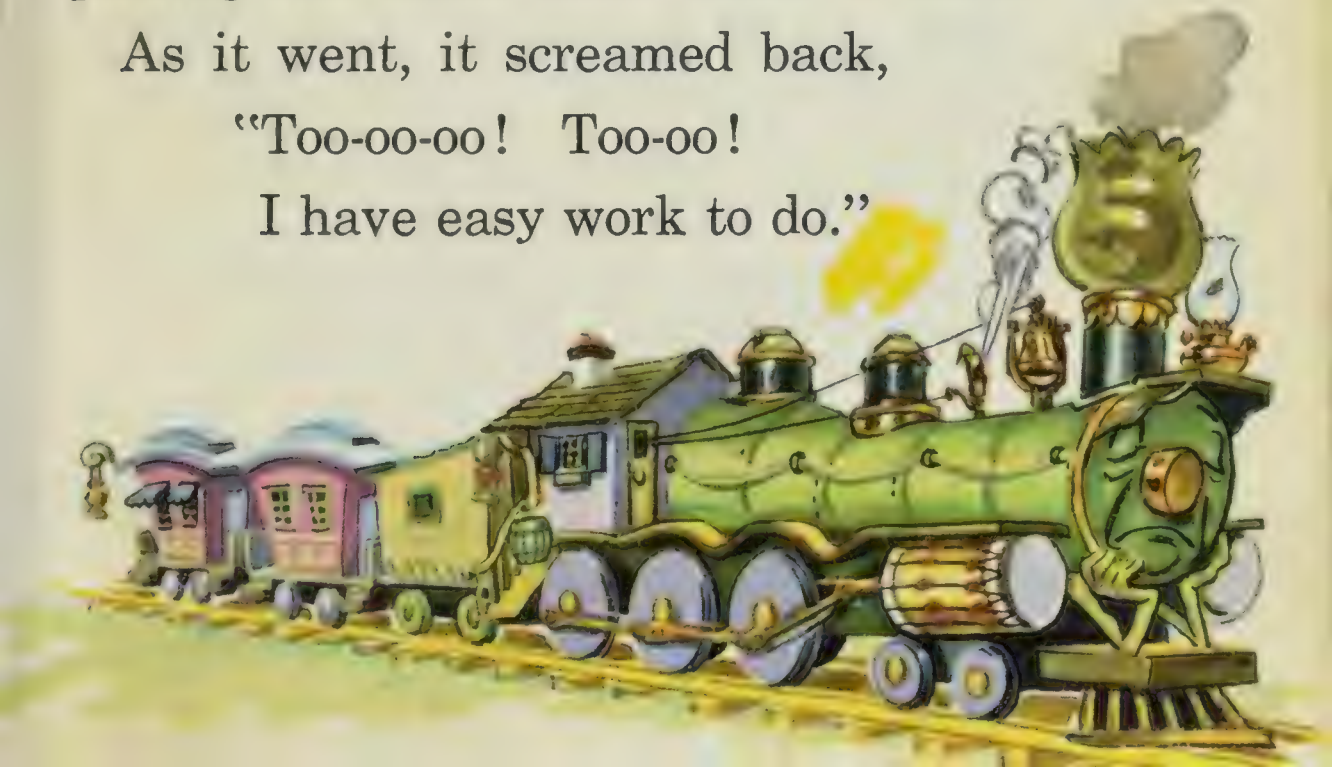
One engine has just three cars to pull. It has no hard work to do at all, so I am sure that it will be very glad to carry these bags of wheat to the city."

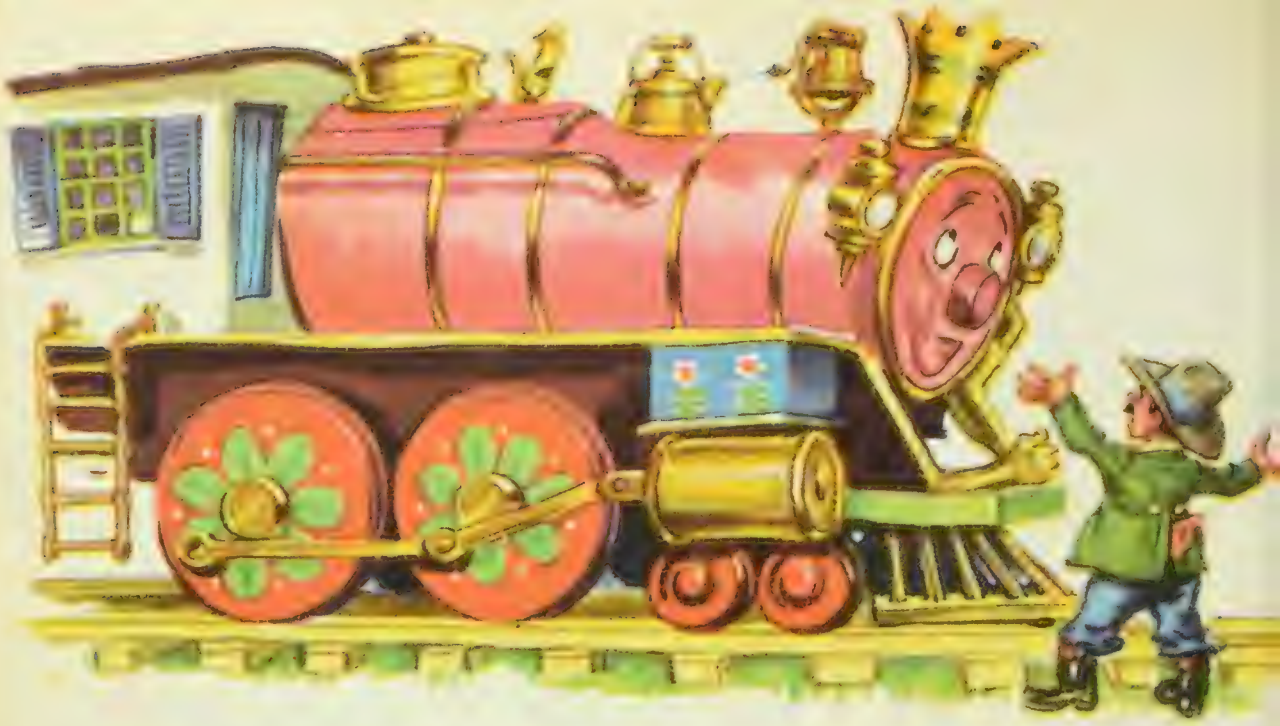
Then the farmer told the engine what he wanted. But that engine did not like hard work. It liked easy work.

Slowly it started away from the station, pulling the same short train of cars.

As it went, it screamed back,

"Too-oo-oo! Too-oo!
I have easy work to do."





Then the farmer went to a bigger engine. It was the biggest engine of all.

"You are such a fine engine," he said. "I am sure that you will carry my bags of wheat to the city.

In the city the wheat will be ground into flour. Then the flour can be made into bread, and all the people will have plenty of bread to eat this winter."

That engine surprised the farmer, too. It began to huff and puff as it called,

"Puff, puff, puff.
Today I've worked enough."

Then the farmer saw a third engine. It had just one small car, so he said, "I'm sure you will carry all these bags of wheat to the city.

The wheat will be ground into flour.

The flour will be made into bread, and all the people will have plenty of bread to eat this winter."

But the third engine was very lazy. It was just as lazy as the other engines. It liked easy work, too.

"Ding-dong," called its bell, as it took one look at the long train full of wheat.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.
Too long, too long, too long."

"Oh, dear!" said the sad, sad farmer. "Is there not one engine that will carry my bags of wheat to be made into flour?"

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong," called an engine. "I'll try to pull them."

Then the farmer saw a little engine.

It was so little that the farmer said, "It will not be easy work for you to pull such a long train. Are you sure you can?"

"I think I can," said the engine. "I have done hard work for many years. I am not lazy. I shall be glad to take your wheat to be made into flour."

Then the little engine began to pull.

There was a high hill to climb, but the little engine was not afraid of that. If huffed and puffed harder and harder, and it started right up the hill.

As it pulled, it sang, "I think I can . . . I think I can . . . I think I can."

Up, up, up, up went the little engine.

It huffed and puffed harder and harder, but it did not stop singing, "I think I can . . . I think I can . . . I think I can."

Slowly and surely it came to the top. Then it hurried down the other side.

Faster and faster it ran down the hill.

Now it was singing, "I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could."

Soon the little engine's work was done. The train of wheat had come to the city.

Then the wheat was ground into flour. The flour was made into bread, and so the people had plenty of bread that winter.

The Pig and His Garden

A pig once had a fine, large garden.

Year in and year out he worked hard to grow potatoes and cabbages and corn.

Every spring and summer he was busy with his hoe. From early morning till late in the afternoon he would weed and hoe and dig in the earth—weed and hoe—weed and hoe and dig.

The pig's garden was so fine that people came from near and far to see it, and every year people bought most of his potatoes and cabbages and corn.

The pig had always made a good living with his garden, but he became lazy and tired of doing such hard work.

One year he said to himself, "I believe I can find an easy way to make a living."

So he stopped hoeing and weeding and started out alone to find work that was easy to do.

Not far from his gate the lazy pig saw a cat playing a fiddle for money.

"By the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!" he thought. "That's surely an easy way to get money. I believe I could learn to make beautiful sounds on a fiddle."

So the pig said, "I like those sounds you are making on your fiddle. May I see if I can play a fiddle as well as you?"

"To be sure," said the friendly cat.

"Take it and do as I am doing."

The lazy pig played on the fiddle, but it didn't make beautiful sounds at all.

Squeak, squeak, squeak went the fiddle. It made such terrible sounds that the pig squealed with surprise.

"Why can't I make the same sounds as you made on the fiddle?" he asked.

"You can if you will try long enough," said the cat. "It takes many long years to learn to play the fiddle well."

"By the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!" squealed the lazy pig in a sad voice. "Playing a fiddle is surely much harder than I thought. I want an easy way to make a living."

The pig went on until he saw a big dog churning butter in a bright new churn.

"It surely must be easy to churn butter," thought the pig. "I don't believe that it's as hard as playing a fiddle."

So he said to the dog, "Perhaps I could learn to churn butter. May I help you?"

"Go to work, my friend," said the dog.

For a little while the pig worked hard. Then he became tired and stopped to rest.

"Don't stop," barked the dog. "If you want to be my helper, don't stop to rest until the churning is done."

"Then I won't churn butter," said the pig. "It's harder work than hoeing."

The lazy pig went on until he came to a hive of bees. He saw a man taking some honey out of the beehive.

"By the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!" thought the pig. "That work isn't as hard as churning butter. Perhaps I could earn a few cents taking honey from a hive."

Then he said to the man, "I'll be glad to be your helper if you need one."

"Good!" said the man. "I surely need a helper. My bees have made such a lot of honey this year that I need a helper to take it out of the hives."

The pig started to work at once.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz." Out of their hive came the bees. Out of the hive they flew, stinging the pig—stinging his pink nose, his ears, his legs, and his fat, fat neck.

"Wee-wee-wee," squealed the poor pig. "The bees are stinging me."

"Oh!" said the man. "If you are going to cry over a few stings, you can't earn a living by taking honey out of hives."

"Well, it's a hard way to earn a living," squealed the pig. "I shall earn my bread and butter by hoeing and weeding."

He went back to his garden and began to weed and hoe and dig in the earth.

"No work is easy," he said, "so I will grow potatoes and cabbages and corn."

The White Easter Rabbit

Once there was a little white bunny who wanted to be an Easter Rabbit.

One afternoon he sat beside the path to the village, talking to himself.

Over and over again he said, "How can I be an Easter Rabbit?"

When no one answered him, he began to cry. All the time he was crying, he had one eye open to see if anyone was coming.

"If I cry hard enough, perhaps someone will tell me how to be an Easter Rabbit," he thought. So he cried harder than ever.

He cried until he heard a wee noise.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak."

A gray mouse went squeaking past him. Then Little Bunny quickly called to it,

"Please stop and tell me how
To be an Easter Rabbit now."

But the mouse didn't listen to his cries. It hurried right past him, and as it ran down the path, it said,

"I must be going on my way.
I have enough to do today."

Bunny cried harder and harder, but he kept one eye open to watch the path.

He cried until he heard a honey bee flying to its hive.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz."

As the bee flew past him, Bunny called,

"Please stop and tell me how
To be an Easter Rabbit now."

But the bee was busy, and as it flew to the hive, it said,

"I am busy making honey.
I can't help a little bunny."

Then Bunny began to cry again, but he kept one pink eye open to see if anyone was coming down the path.

He cried until he heard a bird singing in the tree above him.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet."

When he looked up toward the sound, he saw a mother robin on her nest.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet," sang the robin.

"You are not very smart, little rabbit, or you would surely know that wishing and crying have never helped anyone yet.

Easter Rabbits should be merry and gay. A cry-baby can never be an Easter Rabbit. Don't cry and be sad. Sing and be gay. Singing is always better than crying."

"What shall I sing?" asked Bunny.

"Tweet, tweet," answered the robin.

"Just sing. Sing anything.
Just sing and be gay."

So Little Bunny began to sing a little.

"That's much better," said the robin. "You are merry and gay, as you should be.

Now find a snowdrop and eat it.

Then wiggle your nose and both ears.

Next rub the back of your fat neck with your left front foot.

Last of all wiggle both front legs and hop on your back legs. Then you will meet a beautiful fairy. But don't forget to eat the snowdrop first.'"

"I can't find a snowdrop," said Bunny. "There is no snow on the ground yet."

"Tweet, tweet, tweet," said the robin.

"You have two good eyes. Use them, and perhaps you will see what I mean."

Suddenly Bunny heard peeping sounds in the nest above him.

Mother Robin's babies were coming out of the eggs, so she had to stop talking and take care of the tiny new birds.

All at once Bunny saw a white spot. It looked like snow, but it was a flower, growing there in the middle of the path.

"Oh, oh!" said Bunny. "Perhaps this is the kind of snowdrop that I should eat before I meet the fairy."

He quickly ate the snowdrop.

Then he wiggled his nose and both ears and began to rub the back of his neck with his left front foot. Next he wiggled his front legs and hopped on his back legs.

Suddenly a puff of wind blew a leaf on to the path, and all at once Bunny saw a tiny fairy dancing on the leaf. There was a bright yellow light all around her.

The tiny fairy had a star in her hair, stars on her dress, and stars on her wings. In one hand she was holding a tiny stick with a bright star on the end of it.

She went dancing round and round on the tiny leaf without saying a word.

"Oh, dear!" said Bunny to himself. "Perhaps if that fairy stopped dancing, I might ask how to be an Easter Rabbit."

But the fairy kept dancing on the leaf.

She was so happy and gay that Bunny kept very quiet and didn't say a word about wanting to be an Easter Rabbit.

Suddenly the fairy stopped dancing.

"Hello, Bunny," she said. "I know what you want to ask me. While I was dancing, you were kind enough to wait, so now you shall be an Easter Rabbit.

I will touch you with my magic stick and change you at once."

The first touch of the fairy's stick was on his head. Then he had a tall red hat.

The next touch was on his back, and he had a bright blue coat. The fairy's stick touched his feet, and he had red shoes.

"Oh, thank you, dear Fairy," he said, as he hopped up and down.

"Am I an Easter Rabbit yet?"

"Not yet," said the fairy. She touched his left front foot, and he was holding a basket of beautiful, candy Easter eggs.

"Now," she said, "give these candy eggs to all the children you meet."

How happy Bunny was as he hopped down the shortest path to the village!

With quick, gay, hippety-hops he went.

It was wonderful to be an Easter Rabbit at last.

The Woman Who Used Her Head

One cold afternoon an old woman went to the forest all alone. She kept saying, "Tomorrow is Christmas Day, so I must get a fine, tall tree with green branches for a Christmas tree.

Dear Kitty-cat, Dear Puppy, Dear Hen, and Wee Mouse must be happy and gay on their first Christmas Day."

In the dark forest she found plenty of maple trees, but there was not a leaf on their branches. The tall oak trees had an old brown leaf here and there, but not one green leaf did they have.

"Oh!" said the woman. "A tree without a green leaf is not really a Christmas tree. I must find a green tree before tonight."

Soon the bright sun went down, and only the stars gave light in the forest.

There in the starlight the woman saw the tree that she wanted. It was tall, and its branches were as green as could be.

By the bright light of the stars she cut the tree down and took it home on her sled.

Then by the light of the stars her pets saw her coming, and they went dancing out of the door to meet her.

Dear Kitty-cat, Dear Puppy, and Dear Hen were very proud of the tall green tree, but Wee Mouse shut one bright eye and looked at the tree, then up at the house.

"It is a fine, tall tree," he squeaked, "but it is so tall that it won't stand up in our tiny house. That's easy to see with only one eye."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the little old woman. "You are surely a smart little mouse.

I really had not thought of that, but I can't go back to the forest tonight to get a shorter tree.

Tomorrow is Christmas, so I must use my head tonight and think what to do."

Then the old woman used her head, and in just a minute she knew what to do.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "I'll fix that. I'll cut a hole in the middle of the roof. The top branches of the tree will stick out above the roof. Then there will be plenty of room for the rest of it."

So she cut a large hole in the middle of the roof, and when that was done, the tree could stand up in the middle of the house.

Dear Kitty-cat, Dear Puppy, and Dear Hen were proud of the tree. They went dancing all around its branches with happy cries.

Wee Mouse only squeaked, "Now we shall all get wet when it snows or rains. You forgot that the roof keeps the snow and rain off us."

"What a joke on me!" said the woman. "I really hadn't thought of snow or rain."

Then the old woman used her head again.

"Ha, ha!" she cried. "I'll just put a pan on the floor under the hole when I take the tree out of the house.

The pan will catch the rain and snow. Then I shall always have plenty of water in the house to wash and scrub with."

Dear Kitty-cat, Dear Puppy, Dear Hen, and Wee Mouse all said, "Never, oh, never was there such a wise woman as you!"

They had never been so proud of her.

Our Friends at Work

Aunt Susan's Clock

"Good morning, Aunt Susan," said Tom and Tim and Nancy. "Today is Saturday, so we have come for our visit."

"Yes, children," laughed Aunt Susan, who had come to the door to meet them. "It's Saturday, and I'm glad to see you."

Saturday was the day that Aunt Susan always baked, and that was the day she liked to have the children visit her.

So every Saturday morning they came down the path to her little brick house near the foot of Oak Hill.

It seemed so good to see Aunt Susan in her gay pink dress and big blue apron.

Her clean, pink and blue kitchen was a good place to be this morning. It was full of such nice smells from her oven.

"M-m," said Tom, "what a good smell! Let's guess what is in the oven."

His sister began to sniff, too.

"Ha!" she said. "I guess cake."

"I guess cookies," said Tom, smiling.

Little Tim had not a word to say.

He only smiled and wiggled his nose as if he were a rabbit. He knew that anything Aunt Susan baked in her oven was always sure to be good.

"You can't guess what is in the oven," said Aunt Susan. "It is to be a surprise.

It is not done yet. You must wait until it comes out of the oven. It will not be done until noon."

The three children looked at the clock, but Tim could not tell what time it was.

"Noon?" he asked. "Noon? How long is it until noon, Aunt Susan?"

"Not very long," she said. "Just watch the clock until the hands meet and point straight up. Then it will be noon.

Sit here by the clock and watch."

So the children brought chairs and sat in front of the clock to watch.

The clock hands were moving, but they were moving very slowly.

"Hurry up, lazy, lazy clock," said Tim. "Move faster. Don't be so poky."

Wise Aunt Susan smiled at him and said, "That's the way a clock should go, not too fast, not too slow.

A clock never changes the way it goes."

Ten more minutes went past.

"Well," said Nancy, jumping up, "I can't sit here on this chair until those hands meet and point straight up.

I'm going to tie on an apron and help wash pots and pans. Then the time will seem to go faster."

"Oh, yes!" said Tom. "I really believe that time goes faster when we are busy, so I will carry in wood to make the fire burn better. Aunt Susan needs helpers on baking day."

Tom and Nancy were very good helpers.

Tom carried in wood for the fire, and his sister tied on a big apron and helped Aunt Susan wash pots and pans.

But Tim just sat in his chair, watching the clock and whispering to himself.

"Straight up," he said. "Both hands will point straight up when they meet. Then it will be noon, and the baking will be done."

The hands kept moving and moving.

In a few more minutes the long hand suddenly gave a quick jump.

"Aunt Susan," called Tim. "The hands of the clock are pointing straight up.

Is it noon? Is the baking done?"

Aunt Susan smiled at Tim.

"Yes," she said. "It's noon, and my baking is done."

Then she took four pumpkin pies out of the oven and carried them to the table.

She had baked a small pumpkin pie for each of them to eat at lunch.

"Ha!" shouted Tom. "Pumpkin pies! It's no wonder such good smells came out of the oven. Aunt Susan's pumpkin pies are the best pies of all."

Now it was time for lunch, so they all got ready to sit down at the table.

"It didn't seem very long until noon," said Nancy, as she took off her apron.

"No," said Tom. "Noon came quickly because we were very busy. Time really goes fast for busy people."

"I was busy, too," said Tim. "I was learning to tell time."

Billy Works, Too

"Hello, Billy," called the jolly milkman one cold Saturday morning. "How do you like this winter weather?"

"Fine," said Billy. "Now I can slide on my new sled."

"Well," said his mother, "I don't like it. I don't like to hear the wind screaming through the branches of the trees.

I am sorry for anyone who must be out in this weather. I thought it would be too cold for you to bring milk today."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Gray!" said the milkman with a jolly smile. "My work can't stop for weather, and I keep nice and warm in my cap and coat and overshoes."

"See the milkman pulling his cap down to cover his ears," said Billy. "And see how slowly he goes. He is afraid he will fall on the ice if he goes faster."

"No wonder he is afraid," said Father. "Even the cars are moving slowly today."

Then Billy ran to help his mother.

"Let's have breakfast," he said, as he carried the bread and butter to the table. "I want to go outdoors and slide all day."

"Oh," said Mother, "that's a good joke! I'm sure you won't stay out ten minutes.

Even your coat and cap and overshoes will not keep you warm today. The wind will blow right through them."

"Perhaps I'll fool you," laughed Billy.

Then Mother looked at Father and said, "I wish you could stay home today."

"Oh!" said Father. "Remember that I am a policeman, and remember that I work in any kind of weather, just the same as the milkman.

Work cannot stop for weather."

Right after breakfast little Billy and Big Bill put on their coats and overshoes. They both pulled their warm caps down to cover their ears and went out together.

"See how far I can slide," said Billy, as he jumped on his new sled.

Both Father's ears were covered, and he could not hear anything. He was running toward the street car as fast as he could. He was holding his chin inside his coat, trying to keep his face warm.

Away went Billy, sliding to the corner.

Back and forth, back and forth he went.

The third time that Billy's sled came to the corner, he saw a truck drive up. A man in the truck was shovelling sand from the truck to the street.

"Hello," called Billy. "Why are you shovelling sand out of that truck?"

"To keep cars from sliding on the ice and turning upside down," said the man. "Then the people in cars won't get hurt."

Billy watched the big truck drive away, with the man still shovelling sand.

As he watched it, Billy was thinking about the good the sand would do.

Then all at once Billy remembered that the milkman had been afraid he would fall on the ice. He remembered, too, that the milkman was not the only one who would bring things to his house that day.

It was Saturday, and so Mr. Ball would drive from the country in his big truck.

Every Saturday he came, bringing eggs and butter and cream. Often he brought a chicken or a nice fat duck.

Other people would be coming, too—coming to bring letters, to bring papers, and to bring food from the grocery store.

All the year round they came, and they came in all kinds of weather.

Billy wanted to make sure that no one would fall on his walks that day, so he went home and began moving something on his sled. He pulled the heavy sled from his back yard to the front walk.

Billy made many trips back and forth.

Just as he made the last trip, he saw Jim, the grocery boy, drive up in a truck. Then Billy hurried behind a tree to hide.

Jim hopped off the grocery truck and took out a heavy box of food. Then he came through the gate, taking short steps, as if he were afraid he might fall.

But he didn't fall. He didn't even slide, because sand lay all over the walks.

The boy looked so surprised and happy that Billy laughed right out loud.

"Well, well," said the grocery boy. "Who covered these walks with sand?"

"Oh! I can tell you the answer to that," said Billy, as he came to meet Jim.

"I am the one who covered them.

When I saw your truck drive up, I ran behind the tree. I was hiding and waiting to see if you would be surprised to find all this sand.

I just thought it might be a good way to use up the sand in my sand-box, but I was having fun at the same time."

"Thanks, Billy," said Jim with a smile.

"Having sand on the walks really helps. but didn't you get cold when you carried all that heavy sand?"

"Oh, yes!" said Billy. "I got very cold, but carrying sand was my work today, and work can't stop for weather.

I learned that this morning."

Molly Plays a Joke

Hammer and saw. Hammer and saw.

Johnny and Joe were having a fine time building a playhouse. They were building the house out of old boxes.

Molly had come over to watch, and she wanted to help.

"What could you do?" asked the boys.

"I might help you hammer," she said.

"No," said Joe, "girls can't hammer."

"Well," said Molly, "I might help you with your sawing."

"Oh, no!" said Johnny. "Just watch and don't touch a thing."

Friendly Molly kept on chattering, but the boys didn't answer her. Their sawing and hammering got louder and louder, so Molly talked louder and louder.

"You have no little tables and no beds to put in your playhouse," shouted Molly in her loudest voice. "You haven't even a chair. You really need chairs."

Even when Molly shouted her loudest, the boys did not seem to hear.

Their only answer was the loud bang and buzz of the hammer and saw.

Molly looked very, very sad, because she was not having any fun at all.

"Let me do something too," she said. "I might get a few boxes and turn them upside down for chairs. I'll be glad to go to the store for more boxes. Shall I?"

The boys had no time to answer her. They just kept on hammering and sawing.

"I think I'll make some chairs anyway," Molly thought. "The grocery man might give me a few boxes and boards."

Hippety, hippety, hippety-hop went Molly to the grocery store, with her new wagon rolling along behind her.

The grocery man piled two boxes and six boards on her wagon, but they were piled so high that one of the boxes and a few of the boards began to fall off.

Molly pushed with one hand, holding the heavy boxes with the other. Then the wagon would not roll straight, and she had a hard time getting back and getting through the gate.

"Here are two boxes and some boards," said Molly, as she came through the gate.

"Oh, Molly!" said Joe. "We don't need those boxes and boards at all.

My mother will give us a few old chairs and a table tomorrow."

Molly's face looked sad for a minute, but soon she began to smile again.

"The house has no stairs yet," she said. "You might use boxes to make the stairs. Don't most houses have stairs?"

"Stairs?" asked both boys in surprise. "Why should we build stairs? Our house is only one storey high."

"Yes," said Molly, "but you could build a second storey, too. You really do need an upstairs and a downstairs."

"We haven't time to make an upstairs," said Joe, as the hammering became still louder.

Molly still wanted to help, so she got a can of old yellow paint and one of blue.

"Here is some paint," she called.

The boys didn't answer her, so Molly shouted louder and said, "You could paint your floor with this paint."

"Oh, Molly!" said Joe. "Those cans are only partly full. There isn't enough paint of one colour to cover the whole floor, and the whole floor must be the same colour. It can't be partly blue and partly yellow."

Soon the boys went away for a while, and Molly said to herself, "I'll fool them. I'll put. these two colours together and make green paint. Then I'll have enough to paint the whole floor the same colour."

Molly started painting the front part of the floor first. She was having fun, because she was sure she was helping.

Swish, swish. Swish, swish.

Back and forth, back and forth she went. Harder and harder she worked, and at last she had paint all around her.

She had painted herself into one spot. She couldn't take a step without getting wet paint on her shoes, and she couldn't reach the door in only one step.

"Joe, Johnny, help me," she shouted in her very loudest voice, and the boys came running.

"Oh, boys!" cried Molly. "I was going to play a joke on you and paint the floor, but I played a joke on myself.

I painted myself in. What shall I do?"

The boys laughed and laughed.

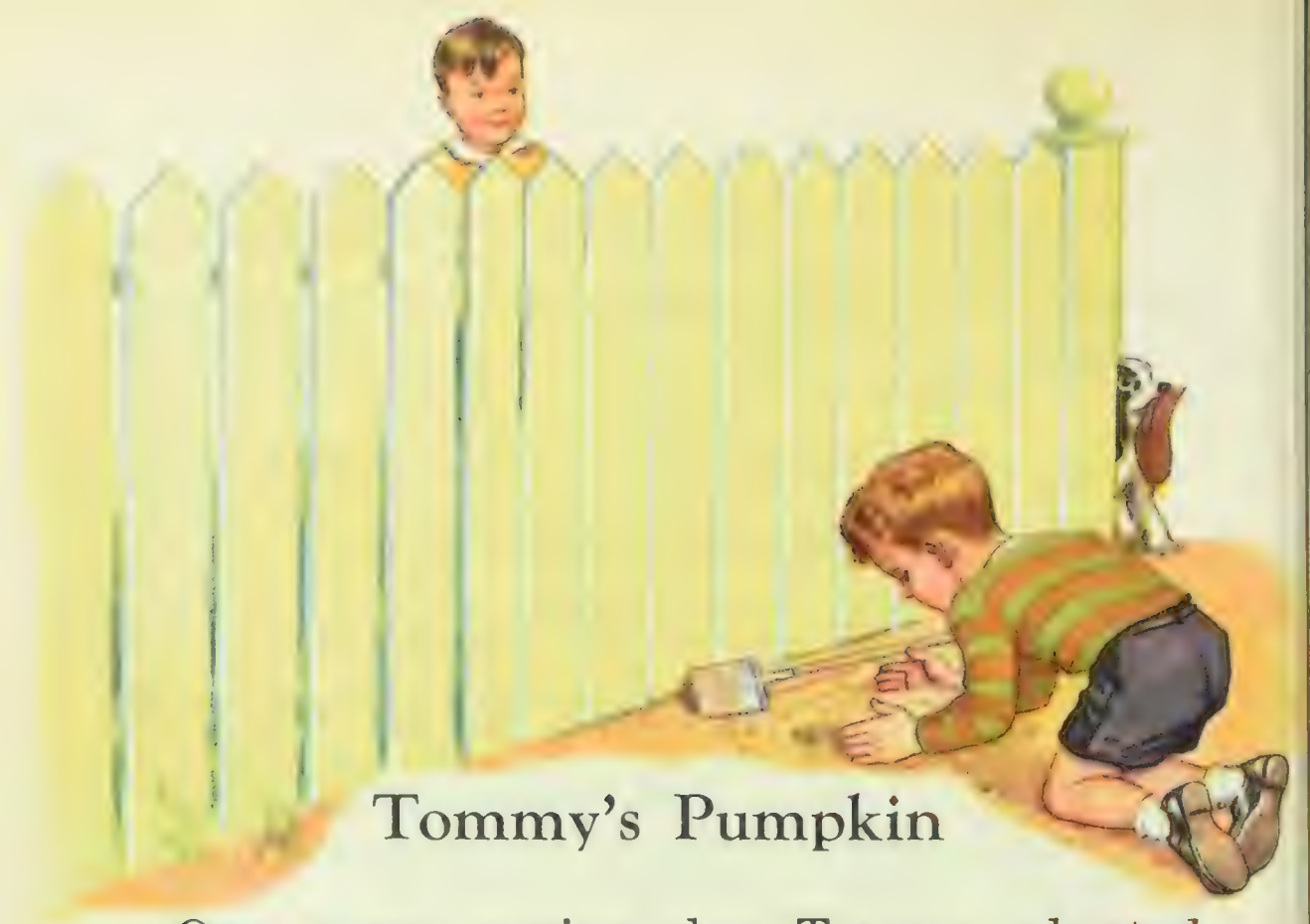
At last Joe said, "We can't reach you to lift you out. The only thing we can do is to cut a hole in the house behind you."

So they sawed a hole for her.

"I'm afraid I haven't helped you at all," said Molly. "I'm sorry you had to cut a hole in your nice house."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" laughed Joe.

"We really needed a window, and you helped us after all. You painted our floor."



Tommy's Pumpkin

One warm spring day Tommy planted a pumpkin seed by the garden fence.

He used his little shovel to dig a hole in the soft earth. Then he put a seed in the hole and covered it with earth.

All the while, Tommy was thinking, "This year Mother will not need to buy a pumpkin for Hallowe'en. I'll grow one.

I am sure I can grow a big pumpkin. I might even grow the biggest pumpkin that ever grew anywhere."

All at once Spot came by, carrying Dick's cap. Dick was right behind him.

"Hello, Tommy," called Dick. "Let's go to the park and play ball."

Tommy hardly heard him.

"I planted a pumpkin seed," he said. "When Hallowe'en comes, I shall have a pumpkin that I grew all by myself."

Tommy was so excited that he began to talk faster and louder.

"Perhaps I'll grow the biggest pumpkin in the whole town," he shouted. "I'll cut a funny face in it and put a light inside to frighten everybody. I can hardly wait."

Spot was getting very tired of holding Dick's cap. He began to wag his tail and make funny cries.

"Ha!" laughed Dick. "It surely sounds as if my dog is frightened when he just hears about that pumpkin face."

Tommy went to the park, and he was having fun until he remembered that he had not watered his pumpkin seed after he had planted it, so he hurried home.

After that he watered the seed often and watched for the first tiny green leaf to reach up through the earth.

In about two weeks a vine grew up, and Tommy was busy hoeing and weeding and keeping insects off the vine.

The tiny pumpkin vine grew very fast. Branches grew out on it, and soon a part of it began to climb up the fence.

By and by the vine's branches were almost covered with big yellow flowers.

Soon the flowers began to fall off, and tiny green balls grew where they had been.

Tommy counted all of them, touching each tiny pumpkin as he counted.

"Perhaps I shall have enough pumpkins to sell," he thought.

Then he showed them to his sister.

"M-m," she said, "I can almost taste the pies these pumpkins will make."

"Yes," said Tommy, "pumpkin pies will taste good. When my pumpkins are ready to be picked, Mother may have a few.

I'll save one for Dick and his sisters, and I'll keep the very biggest one myself, to frighten everybody on Hallowe'en.

I'll sell the rest of the pumpkins and earn lots of money when I sell them."

Tommy kept on watering, weeding, and picking off insects. But the green balls began falling off, and soon Tommy could see only one pumpkin on the vine.

It was hardly as big as his head.

Tommy didn't stop hoeing and weeding, but no matter how much care he gave it, that pumpkin did not grow any bigger.

On Hallowe'en Dick came by.

"I'm on my way to the grocery store to buy a pumpkin for tonight," he said.

"Oh!" said Tommy. "I'm sorry I can't give you a big pumpkin for Hallowe'en."

"That doesn't matter," answered Dick. "I'm sorry you worked so hard and have only one small pumpkin on your vine."

"Well," said Tommy, "the work was fun, even if I haven't a lot of pumpkins."

Just then Tommy's next-door neighbour came to the fence and said, "I wonder if you would sell me that fine big pumpkin."

Tommy wondered if old Mr. Bell were making fun of his small pumpkin.

"What big pumpkin?" he asked.

"The one that's on my side of the fence," answered Mr. Bell. "One of the branches on your vine reached through the fence into my garden. A pumpkin grew here all summer. It surely is a big one."

The boys ran into Mr. Bell's yard, and there lay a large yellow pumpkin.

Tommy could hardly believe his eyes.

"See!" he shouted, dancing up and down.

"I do believe it's the biggest pumpkin in the whole country, and I grew it all by myself."

David Helps Thresh

It was threshing day at the farm, and David was up early to watch.

Everybody was coming to help thresh. There were neighbours and other helpers, and aunts and uncles, too. Soon everybody would be busy, working in the field or in the kitchen.

David was not big and strong enough yet to help thresh, but he liked to watch.

He was so happy and excited that he could hardly stand still.

"Here is the threshing machine," called David, dancing up and down.

Then his father came out of the house and said, "I haven't enough helpers, David. The boy who was going to carry water just telephoned to say he couldn't come.

I wonder if you would drive Trot and carry water for the men to drink."

"Oh, yes! I'm big enough for that," was David's excited answer.

The men followed the threshing machine to the field in their wagons and trucks.

After a little while David was ready to drive his pony out to the machine.

In the pony cart was a tall can full of cool water for the men to drink.

Ch, ch. The machine began to thresh.

Puff, puff. The straw began to blow, and the wheat seeds rolled into a truck.

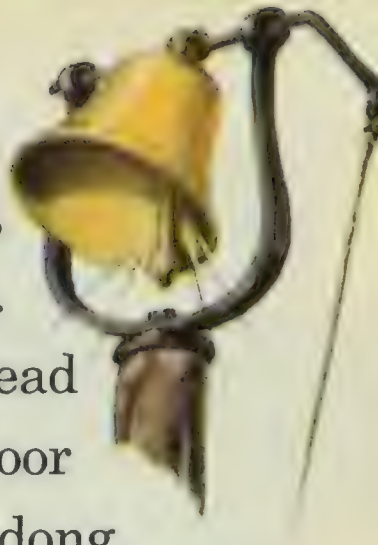
Puff and blow, now fast, now slow.

The threshing machine seemed to call, "Wheat, wheat, wheat, feed me wheat," and strong men kept feeding it wheat.

Back and forth went David and Trot, as they carried water to the machine for the men to drink.

How good those cool drinks tasted!

By ten o'clock the hot summer sun was getting high. Everybody was getting hotter and hotter and hotter and very, very tired, and David most of all.



Up, up, up climbed the sun, and it grew hotter and hotter.

It was almost straight overhead when the bell by the kitchen door went ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

It was noon and time to stop work.

It was time for hungry men to eat, time for tired men to rest, and time for David to eat and rest, too.

All the men left the threshing machine and hurried to the house to eat dinner. David and Trot followed them.

What a dinner there was on the table!

David saw chicken and big yellow ears of corn, potatoes and bread, and cookies and cake and lots of pies.

David could hardly wait to taste them, but he did not sit down at the same table as the men, because at threshing time the men always ate before everyone else.

Then the most wonderful thing happened.

Father called David and said, "Sit here beside me, David. You are a helper, too.

You are big enough and strong enough to help thresh, so you may eat with us."

David was smiling as he sat down and helped himself to chicken, potatoes, and the longest ear of corn.

He was too happy to be tired now.

He was sure he was really growing up.

Now at last he was big enough to eat at the same table as the men.

Surely threshing day was the best day of all the year!

The Errand Girl

Molly's whole family was busy.

Her father was very busy with a rake in the back yard.

Grandfather was watering the flowers and vines around the house.

Grandmother was upstairs in her room making Molly a new coat, and Mother was in the kitchen getting lunch.

But Molly had nothing at all to do, until Father called to her, "I hope you will do an errand for me. I need some grass seed, but I haven't time to get it myself."

"I'll do your errand," cried Molly, as she went dancing up to him.

"I hope you will do an errand for me, too," called Grandfather. "I need a ball of strong brown string. I want to tie up the long, heavy branches of this tall vine beside the chimney."

Then Mother called and said, "I hope someone will go to the store before noon. I haven't enough bread for lunch."

"I'll do all your errands," called Molly. "Is there anything else?"

"Oh, yes!" called Grandmother, as she dropped a dime from an upstairs window.

"Please buy a paper of pins for me, if you can remember four errands.

You should write them down, or you will forget them."

"Oh, no!" laughed Molly. "I don't need to write them. I am sure I can remember the errands for the whole family.

A good errand girl never forgets."

"You will need more money, Molly," said Father, and he gave her some dimes and nickels to pay the storekeeper.

Molly dropped all the dimes and nickels into her apron pocket, and away she went with a hop and a skip to do her errands.

Hippety-hop, hippety-hop she went, and she kept saying to herself,

"Seeds for Father,
Bread for Mother,
String for Grandfather,
And pins for Grandmother."

She said it over and over, all the way to the store.

"Hello," said Molly to the storekeeper. "I want a bag of grass seed for Father."

The storekeeper brought her the seed, and she paid him a dime and a nickel.

"Anything else?" asked the storekeeper.

"Bread for Mother," said Molly, as she paid the storekeeper two nickels.

"Anything else?" asked the storekeeper.

"Yes," said Molly. "A ball of string to tie up some vines, and I want——

Oh, dear! I forget what else I want. I have a whole dime in my apron pocket to pay for something else."

"Could it be butter or eggs or potatoes or other groceries?" asked the storekeeper.

Molly shook her head and answered, "No, I'm sure it isn't groceries."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "perhaps you wanted candy. You often buy candy."

"I wouldn't forget candy," said Molly.

Molly sat on a pile of boxes and tried to remember what else she wanted.

All at once she saw something bright that lay on the floor. It was a pin that someone had dropped.

"Pins, pins!" cried Molly. "Grandmother wanted a paper of pins."

"Pins!" said the surprised storekeeper. "I am sorry, Molly, that I have no pins to sell you today. Maybe the storekeeper across the street can sell you some."

"I'm sorry you have no pins to sell," said Molly, "but I'm glad that someone dropped a pin here, because it helped me remember my last errand."

The New Ice-box

It was the middle of the summer, and the weather was hot. The whole city was very hot. Everybody in it was hot, too.

The gardens, the streets, the buildings, and everything else outside were getting hotter and hotter and hotter. The sun was baking everything, and there was no wind to cool things off.

Not even a leaf was moving.

It was almost as hot inside the house as it was outside, but it was not hot inside the large new ice-box that stood in the kitchen at Bobby's house.

Bobby was excited about that ice-box, because a machine inside it made ice.

He watched Mother fill the little pans with water. Then he carried them back to the ice-box and put them inside.

"Now," he said, "the ice-box machine will make the water colder and colder until it turns to ice."

"Yes," said his mother, "by ten o'clock we shall have plenty of ice. I hope that there will be enough for the whole family to have cool water to drink for lunch."

Soon Bobby went upstairs and played with his toy cars and boats for a while. Then he came down and went outside.

Bobby's brother Peter was not at home, and Bobby had no one else to play with. It was too hot to play anyway, so he just sat still under the maple tree.

After a while Jane and Sally came by. Joe and Skip came, too, and all of them sat there, getting hotter and hotter.

"Oh, I wish I had some pink ice cream!" said Jane. "Just one taste of ice cream cools me off in hot weather."

"I'll make some ice water to drink," said Bobby. "It's colder than ice cream, and it will taste almost as good.

We bought a fine new ice-box yesterday. It has a machine that makes water colder and colder until it turns to ice."

Bobby ran into the kitchen to make some ice water. He used one pan of ice. Then he filled the pan with water and put it back inside the ice-box.

"M-m-m," said Jane, "this tastes good. I hope we may have some more."

"Oh!" said Bobby. "I know what I'll do. I'll bring a grocery box outside and put an umbrella over it. Then I'll bring out all the ice water we can drink."

They turned a box upside down and put up an umbrella to keep off the sun.

After that they made a lot of ice water and carried it outside to the box.

All of a sudden a large grocery truck stopped, and Jim, the grocery boy, got out with a heavy bag of flour.

Bobby's brother got out, too, carrying a part of the groceries from Jim's truck.

"Hello," said Bobby. "We are having some ice-cold water to drink."

The boys reached for a drink so quickly that they almost dropped the groceries and the bag of flour on their feet.

"M-m-m," said Peter, "nothing tastes so good on a hot day as cold water.

Let's sit here and rest before we carry those groceries into the house. I am not a very good helper today, because I stop too often to rest."

"Oh, don't say that!" said Jim.

"You are not as big and strong as I am, but you have been a good helper today. You helped me a lot yesterday, too."

Then the boys carried the bag of flour and boxes of groceries into the house.

After Peter and Jim left, Bobby began calling to everybody who walked past, "Ice-cold drinks, ice-cold drinks."

Then everybody stopped to drink.

All of a sudden Bobby said, "Oh, look! Here comes the man who sells ice-boxes. He brought our ice-box to us yesterday."

Mr. Brown was smiling when he saw the ice water. Then he said, "Oh, Bobby! Your mother called me on the telephone a while ago. She asked me to come and fix the ice-box she bought yesterday.

She says it doesn't make ice, and she doesn't know what is the matter, but I can see what is the matter with it.

You took the ice out. Then you filled the pans with water again, and it hadn't turned to ice when she looked at it."

Then Mother came outside, and when she learned about the ice, she laughed and said, "That's a good joke on me.

I thought my fine new ice-box wouldn't make any ice at all, but it has made ice for almost everybody in the whole town."

The Birthday Present

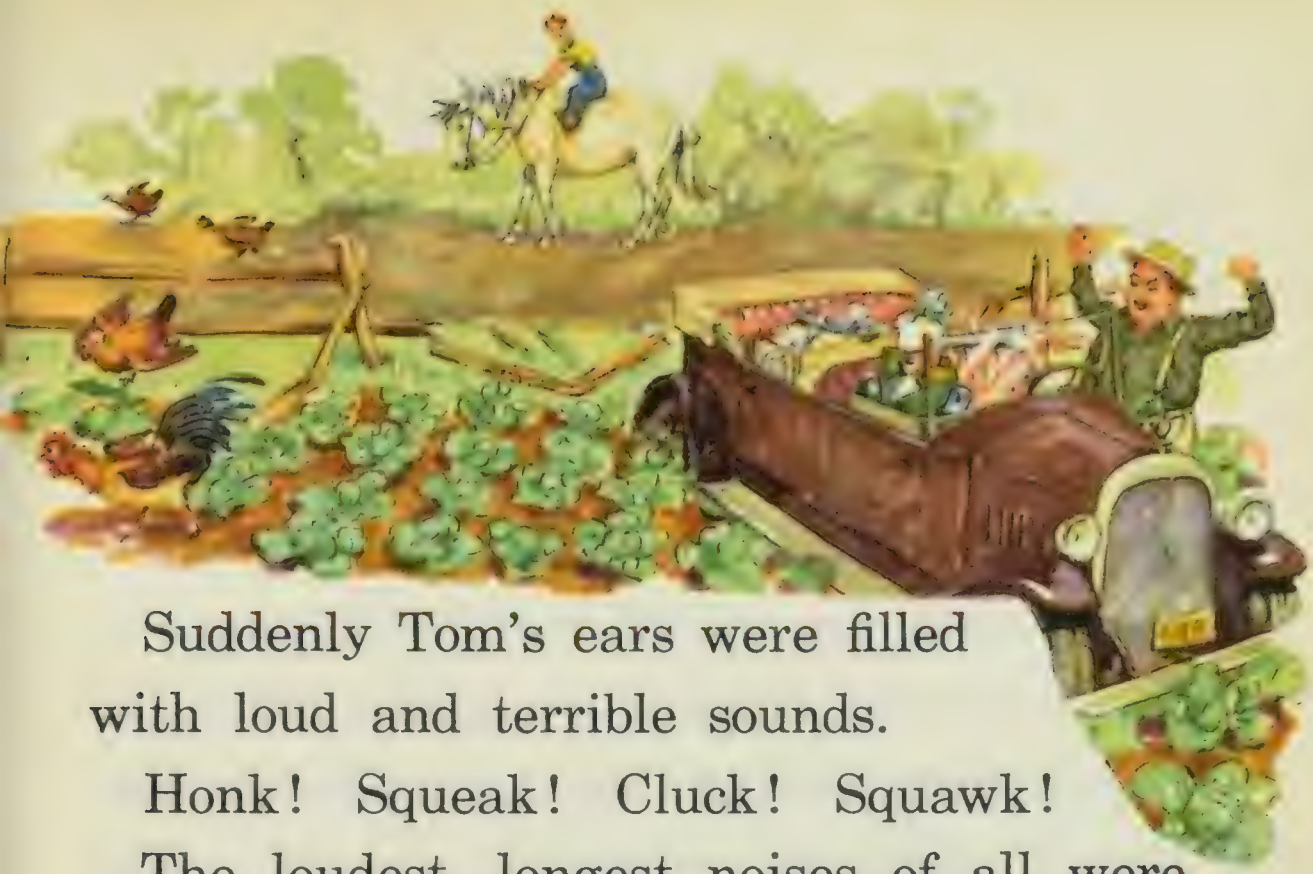
On a hot summer afternoon Tom was riding along the road on Sleepy Sam.

The poky old horse stopped often and ate grass beside the road, but today Tom did not care. He was just out riding and playing a game all alone.

His eyes were shut, and he was trying to guess all the pleasant country sounds.

He could hear the soft swishing sound of blowing leaves, the splashing of fish in a deep pond, and the buzzing of bees as they flew away to their hives.

Far away he could hear the screams of bluejays and the tap of a woodpecker.



Suddenly Tom's ears were filled with loud and terrible sounds.

Honk! Squeak! Cluck! Squawk!

The loudest, longest noises of all were the shouts of a man.

"What's happening?" thought Tom.

Quickly he opened his eyes and saw a car in a cabbage field. The car was full of boxes and bags of groceries.

Short Uncle John stood beside the car, screaming at the top of his voice while he waved his arms at some chickens.

"You silly, clucking hens!" he shouted. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you keep off the road?"

"What's the matter?" called Tom.

"Oh!" shouted Uncle John. "I ran off the road to keep from hurting those hens. My machine didn't touch them at all, but here I am in this field while people are waiting for groceries and things.

Mrs. Green telephoned to the store for our longest clothes-line a long time ago. Her washing is ready for the line, but I can't get out of this field."

"I'll help you push the car," said Tom.

"Thanks," said Uncle John, "but you are hardly strong enough to do that."

Just then a friendly farmer came by, taking a wagon full of potatoes to town. He stopped to help get the car out.

Tom helped Uncle John, too, even if he was not strong enough to push the car. He and Sleepy Sam took the clothes-line and part of the groceries to Mrs. Green.

The next week Tom was riding along that same road again. This time he was making a trip to Four Corners to buy a birthday present for his father.

Old Sam didn't know about birthdays or presents, so he was just as poky as he had been a week ago.

When Sam stopped to eat, Tom gave him a sudden dig with his foot and said, "Keep moving, Sam. Keep moving."

At last they came to Four Corners.

Then Tom ran into the store and said, "Hello, Uncle John. I've come to buy a fine birthday present. I can pay for it with money I earned myself."

Long Uncle John stood there, listening to Tom with a big smile on his face.

"A birthday present!" he said.

"Who is having a birthday?"

"My father," said Tom, as he dropped some nickels into Uncle John's hand.

"Here are five nickels I have saved. I shook them out of my bank yesterday. Now, please, I want the present."

"What present?" asked Uncle John, who was smiling as if there was a joke.

Then Tom laughed and said, "Oh, my! I forgot that I haven't told you yet."

He pointed to a big green handkerchief with yellow stars all over it.

"There," he said. "That's the present I want for my father. It will look nice in the pocket of his best coat when he goes to town. I am sure my father will like it better than anything else."

Uncle John slowly shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't sell that handkerchief for only five nickels.

I paid six nickels for it myself.

I have to sell it for more than I paid, because that's how a store earns money."

Tom had no more nickels or dimes left in his bank at home.

He had no time to earn more money, and he would not ask his father to give him money to buy his own present.

Tom did not know what to do.

"Buy him candy," said Uncle John.

"No," said Tom, "Mother made candy, and ice cream, too, for his party tonight. This green handkerchief with the stars is the only present I really want to buy."

All of a sudden a loud, jolly voice said, "If that is the only present you want, then that is the present you shall have."

It was the voice of Short Uncle John, who had come into the store just then.

He picked up the green handkerchief and handed it to Tom.

"Here," he said. "You and Sleepy Sam earned this fine handkerchief a week ago. You earned it when you took Mrs. Green's groceries and clothes-line to her.

You didn't think about nickels then, and we won't think about nickels now."

Tom was so happy and excited that he almost forgot to say thank you.

Sleepy Sam seemed to be excited, too, for he began galloping as soon as Tom got up on his back. Tom was sure that smart old Sam knew he had helped earn Father's birthday present.

Old Story Book Friends

Why the Bear Has a Short Tail

Long ago on a winter afternoon a bear met an old fox, who was carrying a string of fish on his back.

"My!" said the bear. "Where did you get such a fine string of fish?"

Now the fox was as sly as sly could be. He didn't want the bear to know that he had not caught the fish himself.

"Ha!" he said with a sly smile.

"I caught them myself. I caught them just a little while ago, and I'm thinking how good they will taste for supper.

Why don't you catch some yourself?"

The bear was getting hungry, and he wanted some fish at once, so he asked, "What is the best way to catch them?"

The sly fox said, "Go to the river and cut a hole in the ice. Then put your tail into the hole and wait for the fish to bite.

When the fish bite your tail, it may sting and hurt you a little, but you must sit there as long as you can.

The longer you sit and keep your tail in the river, the more fish you will catch. When you think you have caught enough, pull out your tail. Give a hard pull and a strong pull, too.

Now remember what I have told you."

"Thanks, Brother Fox," said the bear. "It's a queer way to catch fish, but I will do it, and I surely hope the fish will bite."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the sly old fox, as the bear ran toward the river.

The hungry bear soon reached the river and cut a hole in the ice, wide enough for his tail. Then he sat so that his tail hung down into the water.

There in the cold river it hung while he waited for the fish to bite.

He got colder and colder and colder.

After a while his tail began to sting and hurt. It kept stinging and hurting, but the bear did not get up, because he believed the fish had started to bite.

Late in the afternoon he thought that he had caught enough fish on his tail. Then he tried to stand up and pull out the fish he thought he had caught.

But the bear couldn't stand up straight. The water in the hole had turned to ice, and the part of the bear's tail that hung in the river was caught fast.

He was getting as angry as could be. Then he remembered what the sly old fox had told him, so he gave a hard pull and a strong pull, too.

All of sudden the bear's tail came out of the ice—but only part of it came, and the shorter part at that. The rest of it stayed fast in the ice.

This happened a long time ago, but to this very day all the bears on earth have short tails.

The Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking

Many years ago a young turtle lived along the banks of a quiet, lazy river.

He was tired of living along the river and seeing the same turtles every day, and his big mouth was wide open from morning till night, talking about it.

"It would be nice to visit new places as birds do," he said, "but I can't fly. I can only move along on the ground in a slow, poky walk, so I can't go far. Now what can a poor turtle do?"

One wise old turtle had an answer.

"You can stop talking, young turtle," he said. "Some day you will wish you had stopped long ago."

Then the summer days grew shorter.

One morning two wild geese flew down to the river. They saw the young turtle in the weeds on the bank and heard him wishing he could visit new places.

"Friend Turtle," they said, "our home is in a warm country that is far away. We are flying back to our home tomorrow because the weather will soon get colder and colder. You may come with us."

"But I cannot fly," said the turtle.

"We can carry you," the wild geese said to him, "but we hope that you will remember to keep your mouth shut."

"I'll remember," said the young turtle, and the two wild geese wondered why the old turtle gave a sly laugh.

The next day the wild geese flew back to the river. Each goose was carrying one end of a long branch in his mouth.

They said to the turtle, "Catch hold of the middle of the branch with your mouth. Bite hard and remember what we said to you yesterday. Keep your mouth shut."

The turtle opened his mouth wide and caught hold of the branch.

"Bite hard," said the wild geese, and the young turtle hung on.

Each goose took an end of the branch in his mouth and lifted his wide wings. Up, up they flew on their strong wings. carrying the happy young turtle, who hung on with all his might.

Right across a wide pond
flew the wild geese with the turtle.

Three boys were fishing there.

One boy gave a sudden shout and said, "Just see how those two wild geese are carrying that lazy young turtle."

"Ha, ha," laughed another boy.

"Did you ever see anything so silly?"

When the young turtle heard the boys, he was very angry. He started to say, "Pooh, pooh! Why should you boys care what the wild geese and I are doing?"

But all he said was "Pooh," for when he opened his mouth to talk, he let go of the branch and dropped upside down, straight into the pond.

And there the young turtle stayed.

The Man Who Kept House

Once there was a farmer who thought his work in the fields was too hard.

Every night when he came to his house on the hillside, he was very, very tired. Then he would say to his wife, "What do you do all day while I am working hard in the fields?"

"I keep house," said his wife.

"Pooh, pooh! That's so easy," he said. "I wish I had nothing to do but churn and boil porridge and keep the house clean."

One night the man's wife said to him, "Tomorrow I will change work with you. I will go to the fields to work, and you shall keep house and watch the baby."

"Pooh, pooh!" he said. "That's easy. Boiling porridge and churning will be a pleasant change for me."

Next morning the man's wife went out to the fields, and the man stayed at home.

First he filled a big churn with cream to make butter. Then all of a sudden he remembered that he had not seen the baby since his wife went out.

The baby was not in the house, and she was not in the chicken yard. He ran down the path to the river, and there he found the baby, splashing in the water.

He caught the baby up and carried her back again to the house. When he came to the door, he saw a pig in the house.

The pig had knocked over the churn. Most of the cream was on the floor, and the pig was drinking it up.

The angry man stamped and roared until the pig ran away.

He filled the churn with cream again, and then he thought of the cow. No one had milked her or carried water to her or let her eat grass since yesterday.

So he went to take care of the cow.

This time he took the heavy churn along to keep the pig from knocking it over.

Then he went to the well to get water for the cow.

The man reached for a rope that hung at the well to pull up water, and then all the cream ran out of the churn.

The man grew angry again. He began to stamp and roar, but he had to hurry to take care of the cow. After the man had milked the cow and watered her, he started to take her to a field of grass.

Then he thought of the baby again.

He knew that if he went to the field, the baby might get into the fireplace and burn herself while he was gone.

All at once he looked up at the grass that grew on the roof of the house.

"There is plenty of grass for the cow," he said. "I'll put her up on the roof."

He put a wide board from the hillside to the roof to make a bridge for the cow. She walked across the bridge to eat grass, and the man went inside the house.

Since it was almost time for his wife to come home, he had to make porridge for dinner.

He filled the porridge pot with water and hung it in the fireplace to boil.

He was starting to make a bigger fire to boil the porridge, when all at once he remembered the cow. He thought she might fall off the roof and hurt herself, so he picked up a long rope and made another trip to the roof.

The man tied one end of the long rope around the cow's big horns. He dropped the other end of it into the chimney.

When he got back inside the house, he reached up the brick chimney and caught the rope in his hand. He tied that end of the rope around his leg.

Then he stamped his foot on the floor and said, "The cow can't fall off the roof with this strong rope tied around my leg and around both her horns. Now I have nothing to do but boil porridge."

At that very minute the cow did fall off the roof, and there she hung, outside the house, by the rope around her horns.

There she hung, crying, "Moo, moo."

When the great, heavy cow fell outside, the man was pulled right up the chimney by the rope on his leg. There he hung, upside down above the porridge pot.

He couldn't get down, and he couldn't get up. All he could do was to roar and shout in a loud, gruff voice.

The cow's moos and the man's roars kept getting louder and louder.

"What has happened?" cried the wife, as she came running home.

Quickly she cut the rope, and the cow dropped down into the chicken yard.

Then there was a sudden, great splash in the house. The wife ran to the door, and there was the man, with both legs up the chimney and his head and neck in the porridge pot.

Never again did he try to keep house.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once there were three billy goats who wanted to go up a hillside to eat grass and grow fat. The name of all three goats was Gruff.

The path they took up to the hillside lay over the bridge across a wide river. Under the bridge lived an ugly old troll with big, round eyes and a long nose.

He had such a loud, angry voice that whenever he talked it sounded just like the roar of a lion.

Little Billy Goat Gruff started first.

Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! went his small feet.

"Who is walking across my bridge?" roared the Troll in his loud voice.

"It is I," said Little Billy Goat Gruff. "I'm going up the hill to make myself fat."

"Ha, ha!" roared the ugly Troll, as he stamped his great big feet.

"I'll just gobble you up."

"Oh, please don't!" cried the little goat. "Wait until Big Billy Goat Gruff comes. He is much bigger than I am."

"Be off with you, then," said the Troll. "Since you are so very small, I'll wait and gobble up your bigger brother."

By and by the second Billy Goat Gruff started over the bridge to the hillside.

Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! went his feet over the boards.

"Who is walking across my bridge?" roared the great big ugly Troll.

"It is I," said the second billy goat. "I'm going up the hillside to eat grass and make myself fat."

"Ha, ha!" roared the ugly old Troll in a louder voice. "I'll just gobble you up."

"Don't gobble me up," cried the goat. "Wait for Great Big Billy Goat Gruff. He is much bigger than I am."

"Be off with you, then," said the Troll.

Soon the third goat started across.

TRAP — TRAP — TRAP — TRAP!

stamped his heavy feet on the boards.

"Who is stamping across my bridge?" roared the ugly Troll in his loud voice.

"It is I," came the answer, just as loud. "It is Great Big Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up the hill to make myself fat."

"Ha!" roared the angry Troll, as he jumped up on to the bridge. "I've waited since morning to gobble you up."

Then Great Big Billy Goat Gruff shook his horns and shouted, "Come along and try to gobble me up. I'm ready to meet you with my two strong horns."

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff banged the Troll with his big, hard horns until the terrible Troll rolled off the bridge.

Down into the deep river he dropped, with the loudest roar and biggest splash that have ever been heard.

That sudden great splash was the end of the ugly, terrible Troll.

After that the three billy goats grew so fat they could hardly walk.

The First Woodpecker

Long ago there lived an ugly woman who was never kind to anyone.

One afternoon she was baking a cake for supper. She thought she was alone, but a sudden noise made her turn round.

There was a tall, strange man standing beside her oven.

"I hope you'll be kind enough to give me a bite of cake," he said. "I have not had any food since yesterday."

"Just wait," was the woman's answer. "I am very busy with my baking now."

"I'll wait," said the strange man.

When the cake came out of the oven, it looked too large to give away.

"Since it is so large, I will not give it to this strange man," thought the woman with a sly smile. "I will keep it myself."

Then she started to bake a smaller cake.

"You'll have to wait a little longer," she said to the old man. "I will bake a smaller cake for you to eat. It will taste just as good as a large one."

The poor hungry man stood by the oven while the smaller cake was baking.

But when the second cake was baked, it was so big that the woman touched it to see if it was real.

"My!" she thought. "It was smaller than my apron pocket when I first put it in the oven. Now it's as big as my cap.

I won't give such a large cake away. I will make a smaller one."

The sly old woman put a smaller cake in the oven. It was hardly bigger than the point of a pin.

But while the third cake was baking, it grew bigger than the second one.

The woman's ugly mouth hung open in surprise when the cake was baked.

"What is happening?" she thought. "My cakes grow like magic while they are baking. They are all too wonderful to be gobbled up by this strange old man, so I'll keep them for myself."

The strange man reached for the cake, but the woman wouldn't let him touch it.

"You can't have even a bite," she said. "My cakes are too large to give away.

There is plenty of food in the forest. Go out and eat with the wild animals."

Then the strange man became angry.

"You mean old woman!" he shouted. "You shall live in the forest yourself and eat with the wild animals.

Since you are too bad to be a woman, you shall be a bird and work very hard to find your food in the bark of trees."

Suddenly he stamped on the floor.

Then the ugly woman became smaller and smaller and smaller.

When the angry man stamped again, the woman got even smaller than before, and wings grew out of her back.

The man stamped his foot a third time. This time the woman's apron and dress and cap changed into feathers.

The bad old woman had been changed into a bird, with red feathers for a cap and white feathers for an apron.

Off into the forest she flew, crying, "Quee, quee, quee. Quee, quee, quee."

Ever since that time, long, long ago, birds with red caps and big white aprons have been living in the forest. These birds are woodpeckers, and they find their food in the bark of trees.

The Animals Who Made a Home

Once when a jolly farmer was feeding his sheep, he said, "Well, my fine sheep, you look bigger than you did yesterday.

By next week you will be fat enough to eat. Then my wife and I will have you for dinner."

"Baa," said the sheep, and he thought, "I'll have something to say about that."

He went on eating until he was full. Then he banged and banged on the gate with his horns and pushed it open.

The sheep hurried straight to the pen, where a lazy pink pig was eating corn.

"I hope you know why the sly farmer feeds you so well," said the angry sheep.

"No, I don't," grunted the pink pig, as he gobbled and gobbled his ears of corn.

"Well," said the sheep, "the farmer and his wife want a fat pig to eat, but you can save yourself if you are smart.

Come to the forest with me and build a house. Then the farmer and his wife won't be able to eat you."

"I'll surely come," grunted the pig.

The sheep pushed the gate of the pen wide open with his horns, and the pig started to go away with him.

Outside the pen they met two geese.

"Honk, honk, honk. Good day to you," said the geese. "Where are you off to?"

"We are going to the forest to build a house," was the sheep's answer.

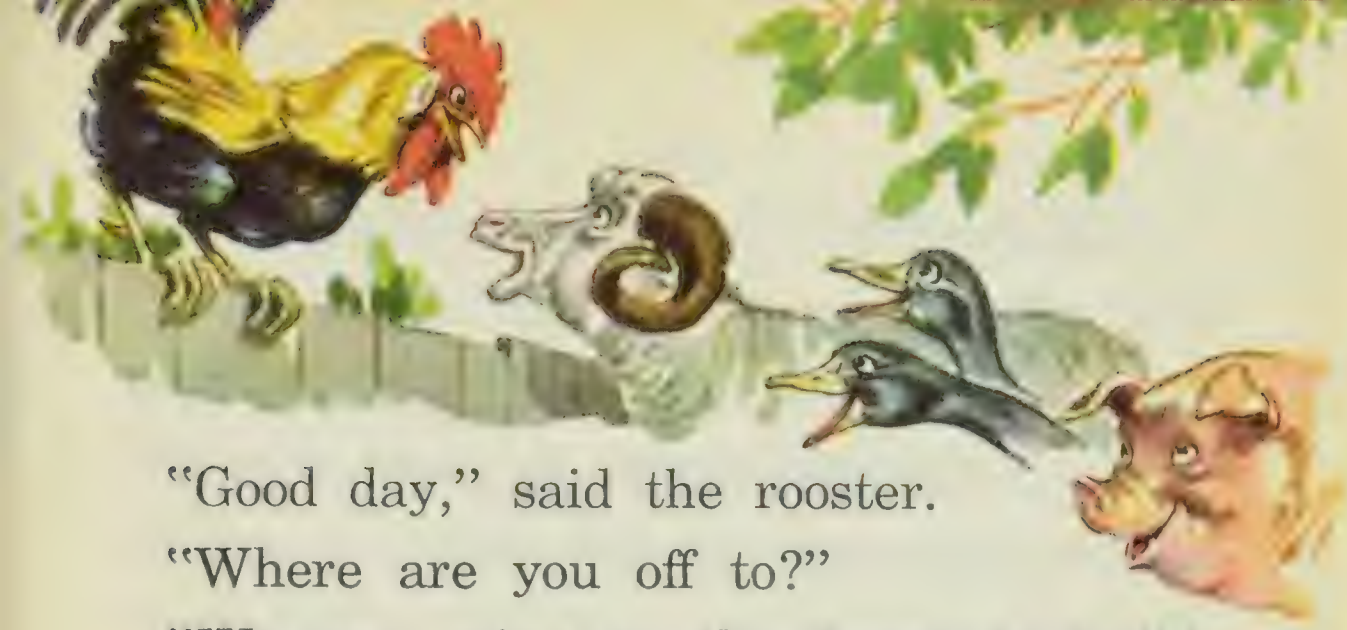
"Wait," said the geese. "We will go to the forest, too. What's more pleasant than living with jolly friends?"

"Pooh! Pooh!" grunted the pink pig. "Everybody knows that geese are silly. You might build the house upside down. Can you cut boards and hammer them?"

"Oh, no!" honked the geese. "We can't cut or hammer boards, but we know how to cover the roof with branches and fill the cracks with leaves."

"Fine!" grunted the pink pig. "We need someone else to help us. Come along and cover our roof and fill the cracks."

They all went on together until they saw a young rooster on a fence.



"Good day," said the rooster.

"Where are you off to?"

"We are going to the forest to build a house," answered the sheep.

"Oh!" said the rooster. "I hope you'll let me come and make my home with you. I have heard that a rooster crows loudest when he sleeps under his own roof."

"Well," said the sheep, "will you help cut down trees and hammer boards?"

"Oh, pooh!" said the rooster.

"A smart young cock like me wouldn't think of doing such heavy work, but I will wake you all early every morning with my very best and loudest crowing. Then you'll have plenty of time to work."

"Come along," said the sheep.

The rooster hopped down off the fence and went along with the other animals.

Then these five strange friends went to the forest and began to build a house.

The pig cut down tall trees and made wide, heavy boards, and then the sheep hammered them together.

The geese covered the roof and filled up the wide cracks, and the young rooster woke all his friends early every morning with his loudest crowing.

The animals were very happy and gay when their house was ready.

They did not know that a big bad wolf lived in the forest with a brother wolf, who was just as bad.

"Ha!" said the first bad wolf. "I saw strange animals in the forest yesterday. I think I will pay them a friendly visit."

So he started to go to the new house.

The five animals saw him coming.

They knew how bad a wolf really is and were ready to drive him away.

They opened the door wide and waited.

Just as the wolf came through the door, the sheep's big horns knocked his legs right out from under him.

The pig began to stamp on the wolf and rolled him outside the house.

One goose reached up and began to bite his ear and nose. The other goose pulled the hair from his neck and chin.

While this was happening, the rooster gave his loudest and longest crow.

Then the big bad wolf was frightened by the loudest and the most terrible cries he had ever heard.

The cries grew louder and louder.

What a squawking and squealing and grunting and honking there was!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Baa, baa! Oof, oof! Honk, honk!

At last the wolf got up and ran home as fast as his long legs could carry him. He banged the gate shut behind him and ran up the path to the house.

"Well!" said the big bad wolf's brother. "That's the shortest visit you ever made. What has happened to you? I can hardly tell who you are.

You have bites and bumps all over you. Part of one ear is gone, and you haven't a hair on your chinny-chin-chin. Did you not visit our strange neighbours?"

"Yes," cried the frightened old wolf. "I went to visit our strange neighbours, but they are just as bad as they can be. The biggest one had great, long horns in the middle of his ugly head.

They knocked me down and stamped on me, and they tried to gobble me up.

'Bite him. Bite him,' they squawked and roared and squealed to each other."

"Oh, Brother!" said the second wolf. "Since we have such terrible neighbours, let us be wise and move away tonight."

So the big bad wolf and his brother moved far away, and the five friends lived together in their home, as happy and gay as could be.

TO THE TEACHER

More Friends and Neighbours follows *Friends and Neighbours* and is designed to fit the basic reading needs at the late second-year level. All the words of the preceding basic books are introduced early and maintained adequately in this book. Likewise all the different words in this book are carried over and maintained in *Streets and Roads*, the basic reader for the first part of the third year.

The *Think-and-Do Book* to accompany *More Friends and Neighbours* provides further development of word meanings and practice in recognition.

VOCABULARY LIST

The following list contains the 325 words introduced in *More Friends and Neighbours*. All inflectional variants of a word are counted as new words, with these exceptions: possessives and plural *s* forms of nouns; singular *s*, *d*, *ed*, and *ing* forms of verbs; compounds and parts of hyphenated compounds. Letters representing sounds that are not words are not counted.

UNIT I
5 oak
6 slide
sleds
7 —
8 sliding
9 smile
pan
10 —
11 wave
12 ice
skate
13 suddenly
arms
14 hurt
15 —
16 corner
17 Molly
shut
18 left
station
19 wet
matter
20 fix
21 inside
22 Betty
23 paper.
box
24 bring
lunch
25 —
26 shoes
foot
27 bought
28 policeman
lift
29 happen
30 —
31 riding
32 detour
David
33 men
words
34 means
35 bumpety
36 does
past
37 end
38 roller
39 hear
stood
40 while
quiet
41 wonder
42 save
43 —
44 pictures
clowns
45 week
46 I've
real
dimes
47 paid
48 —
49 —
50 longest
summer
51 shortest
shorter
52 Wag
wagged.
53 count
steps
54 —
55 rest
56 —
UNIT II
57 —
58 Sam
cool
59 Sandy
isn't
60 point
goes
61 often
been
62 mouth
quickly
63 joke
64 till
Waddle
pen
65 grunt
follow
66 bark
cream
67 alone
hippety
68 trot
doesn't
69 still
70 magic
cart
71 whisper
ear
72 almost
drive
73 seems
74 hold
75 that's
76 wash
Penny
77 face
trip
78 above
babies
79 kitty
voice
80 living
81 chatter
maple
82 tiny
learn
83 warm
branch
84 hiding
toward
85 poor
loud
86 wasn't
87 woodpecker's
bank
88 roof
crack
89 feathers
tap
90 jay
insects
91 cries
92 wren
queer

93 listen
94 carry
95 forth
beside
96 screams
middle
97 it's
bugs
98 Skip
supper
99 kitchen
100 chairs
smart
101 knock
excited
102 yourself

UNIT III

103 —
104 friendly
105 neck
forgot
sing
106 terrible
butter
107 flowers
rose
108 write
squawk
109 became
wise
110 wings
need
111 pond
hopped
112 bright
proud
113 change
rub
114 bed
hard
115 smiling
few
116 sad
village
117 taking
gate
118 farmer
squeal
119 most
pink
120 upside
afternoon
121 believes
sure
122 dances
scrub
123 dust
tonight
124 dress
same
125 lay
tables
126 these
such
127 done
plenty
128 engine
wheat
129 bags
easy
130 flour
bread
131 lazy
ding-dong
132 years
harder
133 surely
134 hoe
weed
135 fiddle
sounds
136 squeak
137 perhaps
helper
138 hive
earn
139 legs
140 Easter
path
141 kept
142 tweet
143 yet
gay
144 meet
fairy
145 leaf
dancing
146 star
touch
147 tall
148 forest
branches
149 really
only
150 ha
hadn't
151 —
152 —

UNIT IV

153 —
154 aunt
clock
155 apron
oven
156 noon
straight
157 moving
baking
158 carried
159 pumpkin
160 weather
cap
161 cover
even
162 remember
163 truck
sane
164 grocery
heavy
165 —
166 answer
having
167 hammer
boxes
168 louder
loudest
169 boards
getting
170 haven't
stairs
storey
171 partly
whole
172 reach
173 myself
174 Tommy's
grew
175 hardly
everybody
176 vine
part
177 sell
taste
178 you'll
179 —
180 thresh
strong
181 machine
drink
182 hotter
183 else
184 —
185 errand
hope
186 dropped
pins
187 nickels
storekeeper
188 groceries
189 —
190 outside
191 fill
colder
192 yesterday
193 sudden
194 —
195 ago
196 present
197 what's
198 —
199 —
200 —
201 —
202 —

UNIT V

203 —
204 sly
caught
205 river
bite
206 wide
hung
207 angry
208 turtle
young
209 wild
geese
210 —
211 pooh
212 wife
213 since
214 stamp
roar
215 rope
216 bridge
217 horns
218 great
gruff
219 —
220 ugly
troll
221 trap
gobble
222 —
223 —
224 —
225 strange
226 smaller
227 —
228 bad
229 —
230 sheep
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to adapt and use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to David C. Cook Publishing Company and *Dew Drops* for "Molly's Surprise" from "Stacy's Cement" by Eleanor Lockwood, for "Tommy's Pumpkin" from "Everybody's Pie" by Dorothy Baldwin, and for "Fun on the Ice" from "Buffet's First Ice" by Mildred Comfort; to the authors and *The Christian Science Monitor* for "The Kitten Who Worked" from "Penny Finds a Partner" by Anne Halladay, for "Molly Plays a Joke" from "The Baby Who Would Be Himself" by Henry Beston, and for "David Helps Thresh" from "The Sunflower above the Wall" by Dorothy Large; to the authors, *Picture Story Paper*, and The Methodist Book Concern for "As Good As New" from "The Toy Shelf" by Lima Henderson and for "The Surprise Valentines" from "Ruth's Valentine" by Ethel Legg; to the author, *Storytime*, and The Baptist Sunday School Board for "Billy Works, Too" from "Jamie's Happy Thought" by Elvira Pennell; to The Judson Press for "The New Icebox" from "On a Day Like This" in *The Story Shop* by Mary Odell; to the author and *Child Life* for "The Magic Word" from "The Bureaus with Ears" by Edith Armstrong; to Milton Bradley Company for "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings" from "The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings" in *For the Story Teller* by Carolyn Bailey; to George G. Harrap & Company, Ltd., for "The Errand Girl" from "Milly-Molly-Mandy Goes Errands" in *Milly-Molly-Mandy Stories* by Joyce Brisley; to the author, to Junior Home Magazine, Inc., publishers of *Junior Home Magazine*, and to The John Day Company, Inc., for "The White Easter Rabbit" from "Little White Bunny and How He Changed" in *The Two Bobbies* by Dorothy Baruch; to the author and publishers for "How the Wren Family Moved" from "The Wren's Nest" in *Featherland* by Etta C. Garson, copyright, 1930, by Robert McBride and Company; to *The Youth's Companion* (now combined with *The American Boy*) for "How Skip Found Joe" from "How Boss Got Home" by Marian Willard and for "Who Likes a Party?" from "Susie's First Party" by Francis Morton; to the World Book Company for "The Pig and His Garden" from "The Discontented Pig" by Katherine D. Cather in Cather's *Educating by Story-Telling*, copyright, 1918, by World Book Company, Publishers, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York; to Henry Holt and Company, Inc., for "The Detour" and for "The Longest Way Round," both adapted from *Bobby and Jock and the Mailman* by C. J. Finger; to the author and *Children's Activities* for "The Little Old Woman's New Hat" from "The Little Old Woman and Her New Bonnet" by Doris Bateman; to *Children's Activities* for "Little Mouse Dances" from "The Dancing Mouse" by Elizabeth Upham and for "The Birthday Present" from "Billy's Valentine" by Grace and Olive Barnett; to Blanche Heywood for "Bobby's New Shoes" from "One of Billy's Best Friends" in *Junior Home Magazine;* to Thomas Nelson & Sons for "The Woman Who Used Her Head" from "How She Put Up Her Christmas Tree" in *More about the Little Old Woman Who Used Her Head* by Hope Newell; to the author and Houghton Mifflin Company for "Sleepy Sam" from "The Drive without End" in *Calico* by Ethel C. Phillips; to *The Grade Teacher* for "Which Circus?" from "Donny Goes to the Wrong Circus" by Marjorie Williams; to Maud Lindsay for "Aunt Susan's Clock" from "Why the Clock Held Up Its Hands" and to Patten Beard for "The Squirrel's Policeman" from "Little Brother of the Squirrels," both in *American Childhood;* to Mabel C. Bragg for "The Little Engine" from "The Pony Engine"; to Shepard and Lawrence, Inc., for "Fun in the Snow" from "When the Snow Came" by Mark Francis in Volume I of *Book Trails.*

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		MAY 30 2000	
MAY 26 1983			
JUN 8 1983			
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NOV 23 1983			
JUN 8 1984			
JUN 5 1984			
JUL 19 1993			
SEP 16 1993			
SEP 23 1993			
AUG 22 1994			
OCT 2 1996			
DEC 13 1996			
JAN 29 1999			

201-6503
Printed in USA

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neighbours

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